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COMMEMORATIVE ISSUE

TIM



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KENNEDY JR.

1960-1999

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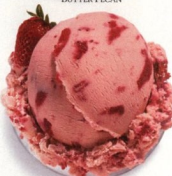
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LOST AT SEA: In the haze of a hot summer night, a plane vanishes off Massachusetts and a dynastic tragedy continues to take its toll

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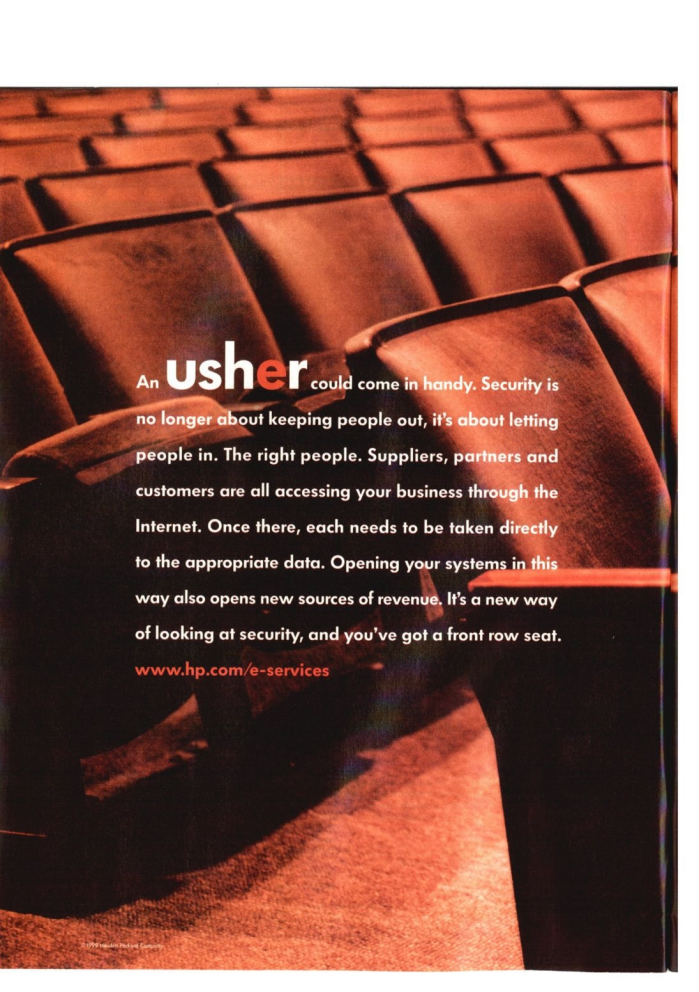
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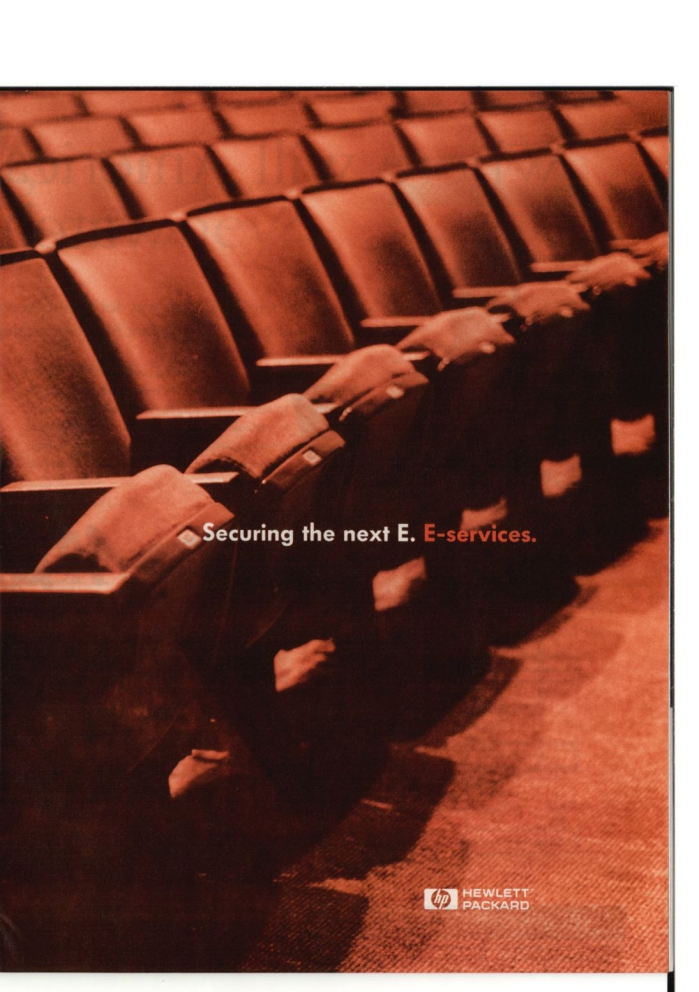
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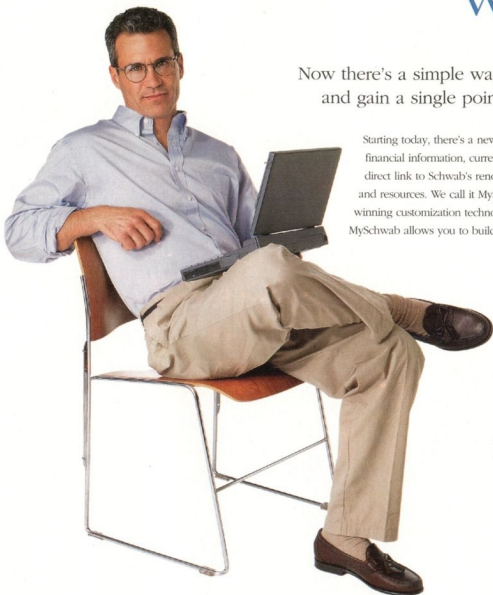
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The Joy of Not Being Jaded

JOHNN KENNEDY JR. was one of the least cynical people I've ever met. When he was thinking of launching *George* magazine, we had lunch at a tiny Thai restaurant near his Manhattan office. I argued that getting folks inspired about politics was a daunting task. He leaned forward and placed both hands out on the table. "No, no, no," he said, his eyes wide. "People are less jaded than you think." He told me, with great passion, how much his father had relished the joy and nobility of politics and how he knew in his heart that people were ready to recapture that spirit.

He suffered a bit from being so good-looking that he became known mainly as a hunk. It was hard to play ball with him in the summer, when he always seemed ready to take off his shirt, because of the gawkers that would gather. But I was always surprised more by his solid common sense and the depth of his reflectiveness.

At his apartment or office, he would effortlessly give the impression of being



PASSION AND GRACE: John with cousin Rory at TIME's anniversary, March 1998

just a regular guy (or sometimes just another beleaguered editor). Then you would glance at one of the pictures on the bookcase, notably the one of him crawling under his dad's desk, and remember what he had been through.

The topic that most fascinated him was how to maintain dignity and grace during times of both triumph and adversity. I asked him to talk about that at TIME's 75th-anniversary party early last year and to tie it to his father and mother.

personal. The important thing was to explain to folks that entering the public arena was an invitation to great sorrow but that it was a noble calling nonetheless. His toast to McNamara is reprinted below.

There are scores of moments that choke me up when I think of him. One is being with him a few days before the TIME party, when he asked if he could bring his cousin Rory as his date. He said she would enjoy the event and understand what he wanted to say. She looked so proud of him that night, and must have so looked forward to him landing his new plane and arriving at her wedding.

There will be a lot written this week about Greek tragedies and the awesomely inscrutable hand of God in the affairs of an amazing family. But this is also an excruciatingly personal tale about a very decent and solid and self-aware and funny guy, one who knew a lot about bearing great responsibility with a light but knowing dignity.

Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor

Bearing great adversity with great dignity

Perhaps no two Presidents linked by history had less in common than Lyndon Johnson and John Kennedy. But one thing they did share was an enduring respect and affection for Robert McNamara. Mr. McNamara served as Secretary of Defense in those Administrations for seven years, years that were among the most tumultuous in modern American history.

During that time, he served his country with exceptional loyalty, integrity and dedication. And after leaving public life, he kept his own counsel, though it was by far the harder choice.

Years later, Robert McNamara did what few have done. He took full responsibility for his decisions and admitted that he was wrong, and judging from the reception he got, I doubt many public servants will be brave enough to follow his example.

So tonight I would like to toast someone I've known my whole life, not as a symbol of the pain we can't forget but as a man, and I would like to thank him for teaching me something about bearing great adversity with great dignity, an adversity endured only by those who dare to accept great responsibility.

—JOHN F. KENNEDY JR.
his toast to Robert McNamara
during TIME's 75th-anniversary dinner

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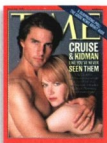
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L E T T E R S



All Eyes on Cruise and Kidman

“Is Stanley Kubrick's last film so important that we need to see its stars half-naked on your cover?”

BEN MARTIN
Roanoke, Va.

CONGRATULATIONS ON THAT BEAUTIFUL Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman cover (CINEMA, July 5). Be not dismayed by the flood of letters you get that will berate you as a purveyor of pornography. People who abhor the sight of beautiful human bodies are possessed by either a dirty mind or envy.

GEORGE ZINNEMANN
Annapolis, Md.

ARE YOU TESTING THE WATERS FOR A merger with the *National Enquirer*? Why put a naked pair of screen lovers on the cover that has borne the likenesses of truly important world leaders, great scientists, athletes and entrepreneurs?

DAVID L. WALLACH
Bridgeville, Pa.

SELF-RIGHTEOUS PURITANS WILL DENOUNCE your cover in the name of family values and decency. But this is how a healthy couple in love show their affection for each other. Since when has it been offensive for a married couple to embrace?

CRYSTAL DUEKER
Fargo, N.D.

HOW SAD THAT HOLLYWOOD HAS BECOME the foremost promoter of decadence in American society.

MATT C. ABBOTT
Chicago

WHAT AN ABSOLUTELY BEAUTIFUL PHOTOGRAPH! Tom's a hunk; Nicole is lovely; and together they are gorgeous. You'll probably get lots of complaints, but the cover made shivers run down my spine!

PATRICE BINGHAM OFFENHAUSER
Reno, Nev.

I WOULD BE MUCH HAPPIER NEVER knowing about the sex lives of Bill Clinton, Cruise or Kidman. No thanks to Ken Starr or TIME. Please, let's keep it above the belt for the remainder of this year.

DELMER GROSS
Sycamore, Ill.

DIRECTOR STANLEY KUBRICK WAS SO ahead of his time technically and artistically that he transcended it, becoming as much an oracle as an auteur. With his visions of a hedonistic and machinistic future undeniably at hand, Kubrick bowed out just before things start to really go awry. Kubrick rivaled Freud in his ability to probe our collective unconscious. His final masterpiece, *Eyes Wide Shut*, is a testament to his creative genius. It is a shame that our culture has become desensitized to violence, while human sexuality is still as taboo as in the days of Adam and Eve.

COLIN McDONALD
Waterbury, Conn.

Still Committed to the Cause

THE SUBTITLE OF YOUR STORY THAT REFERRED to me, "Why a defender of affirmative action is quitting," was misleading (DIVIDING LINE, July 5). I remain committed to affirmative action because it works; it's fair and vitally necessary if we are to live up to the American ideal of giving every person a fair chance. I was proud to serve as executive director of Americans for a Fair Chance. My departure should not be construed in any way as a change of heart in my steadfast commitment to carry on the fight. Also, it is important to note that anti-affirmative-action initiatives for higher education have won in only two states; that can hardly be called a victory. I plan to continue to work for equal opportunity through affirmative action.

RENÉ REDWOOD
Washington

Witches in the Army

THANK YOU FOR YOUR BALANCED STORY on the rights of Wiccans, who follow a nature-based religion, to practice their beliefs while serving in the U.S. military (RELIGION, July 5). I was most struck by the ignorance of those who object to

Wiccans. The Rev. Jack Harvey, a Baptist minister, says, "We believe they are satanic." His whole argument—and subsequent letter-writing campaigns and boycotts—stems from a mistaken belief. Contrary to what many think, Wicca, or modern neopagan witchcraft, has nothing to do with Satan. Wiccans practice an ethical, compassionate, earth-centered religion and just want to be left alone like anyone else.

STEVEN LOVAAS
Fort Collins, Colo.

THE IGNORANCE AND HATRED OF THE "good" Christians who are so disturbed over Wiccans in the military (or anywhere else) is much more frightening than the Wiccans and their beliefs or rituals. The scary thing is how much they substitute thumping the Bible for thinking, investigating truth and getting to know and love their neighbors.

STEVE BRUDNEY
Trinidad, Calif.

A Smack of Racial Humor

IF A WHITE COMIC STRIP DEPICTED blacks using the same heavy-handed racial stereotypes employed by Aaron McGruder, the black creator of *The Boondocks* [PRESS, July 5], no newspaper in America would print it. The white originator of such a strip would probably be charged with a hate crime. But today minorities can say anything about the majority. Witness Spike Lee, a black, who said he thought N.R.A. president Charlton Heston should be shot. If a white made the same comment about a black, there would be plenty of talk about a hate crime. As a white, I am offended by the racial double standard. Were I a

black, I would be offended by the depiction of African Americans as angry, hostile and racist.

MICHAEL HOLDEN
Chestertown, Md.

THE *BOONDOCKS* IS WITTY AND INTELLIGENT and speaks to a young but mature crowd of hip-hop enthusiasts who read. It says out loud those things we think about every day as we venture from our cocoons of black urban culture into the mainstream depths of suburbia. I applaud the papers that carry this comic strip. McGruder uses his bold and creative ingenuity to give his readers a voice. He deserves that six-figure contract from Universal Press Syndicate.

JAMILA WATKINS
Washington

The Kashmiri Tinderbox

THERE IS AN IMPORTANT UNNOTICED facet to the face-off in Kashmir [WORLD, July 12]. Some weeks ago, a Stinger mis-

sile shot down a helicopter and killed four of my countrymen. That single incident indicated the radical change in the face of insurgency in the Kashmir valley. Indian soldiers get picked off one by one on the icy uninhabitable slopes in hand-to-hand combat with Afghan fighters. The movement the U.S. nurtured in Afghanistan in the '80s has turned into a monster that has ventured into several neighboring states. Frankenstein would have appreciated this twist of the tale.

A.V. NARASIMHAN
Bangalore, India

WAR IN KASHMIR WOULD BE UNTHINKABLE. In hopes that the situation won't escalate, India and the U.S. had urged Pakistan to withdraw from the Indian side of the Line of Control in Kashmir. Peace is essential. If the Pakistani civil government cannot control its army and the Kashmiri *mujahedin*, then this is a dangerous situation. India has to be more alert and vigilant.

A. JACOB SANAYAM
Vellore, India

CORRECTION: MARTIN FRANKEL'S HOUSE

Our story on financial-fraud suspect Martin Frankel [BUSINESS, July 5] included an aerial photo of a house in Greenwich, Conn., that because of incorrect information we mistakenly described as Frankel's mansion. Here is the correct picture of the house where Frankel was living.



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AS A PAKISTANI, I AM SHOCKED AT HOW unaware most of the population here is of the ongoing war between India and Pakistan. The war seems to be a publicized personal battle between the two govern-

ments to show off the amount of power each has. In the process, the interests of the people of Kashmir are being overlooked. Neither of the two countries has the right to control Kashmir. The people there should be free and have the right to govern themselves.

AYESHA SOOMRO
Karachi

Critics of NATO and the U.S. should take a moment to think what would have become of Kuwait at the hand of Iraq's Saddam Hussein and of hundreds of thousands of Albanians in Kosovo were it not for the U.S. Also, if the U.S. had taken a strong position in the early stages of World War II, perhaps the world would not have been plunged into carnage. The world needs a "policeman" like the U.S.

KENE ADAAGU
Lagos

TIME'S EXTENDED FAMILY



Don't miss the hour-long newsmagazine show **CNN & TIME** airing Sundays and Mondays. Come behind the screen and join us for an interview with cyberpunk Justin Petersen, a computer hacker who was among the first to rake in illegal profits from cyberspace. On CNN July 25 and 26 at 8 p.m. (E.T.).



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Remembering Hirohito

YOUR PRINTING A PHOTOGRAPH OF EMPEROR Showa (Hirohito) in a military uniform misrepresents Japanese Prime Minister Keizo Obuchi's intent in putting forward his nomination of the late Emperor as Person of the Century [July 5]. The basis for the nomination was the fact that the legacy of the Emperor lives in "the name of the new era of imperial rule, Heisei, which means 'Achieving Peace.'" In this spirit the people of Japan share the Prime Minister's hope that the new century will be "one of global peace and prosperity."

AKITAKA SAIKI
Deputy press secretary
to the Prime Minister
Tokyo

Bad Cop, Good Cop

AMERICA HAS BEEN CRITICIZED FOR USING military might to enforce international law when necessary, as in the Balkans [KOSOVO CRISIS, June 14]. Such criticisms are informed by extraneous sentiments rather than practical facts. The success of the NATO campaign in the Balkans has proved once more that in the face of a handicapped U.N., the world needs a power like the U.S. to put in check the activities of demonic rulers.

Color Me Stovetop

I LOVED YOUR SHORT ITEM ON THE FANCIFIED names of "summer colors" used in clothing catalogs [NOTEBOOK, June 28]. I went to work one day wearing "butter" (yellow) and "sage" (olive green). I told my co-workers I felt like turkey stuffing, and now they call me "Stovetop!"

BILL ("STOVETOP") LINDEN
Chicago

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NOTE

VERBATIM

“He stuck out his hand, I stuck out my hand and we shook hands, and then I handcuffed him ...”

DREW CARTER,
*Texas Ranger, on
the surrender of
alleged serial killer
Angel Maturino-Resendez*

“Be ready—we will call you. This is not about politics—this is a question of survival.”

ZORAN DJINDJIC,
*Yugoslav opposition leader,
to protesters calling for
Slobodan Milosevic's ouster*

“The implementation of every stage [of troop withdrawal] is in a way like giving birth. It's painful, and still it gives a lot of happiness later.”

EHUD BARAK,
*Israeli Prime Minister,
on implementing
the Wye agreement*

“Knowing his insecurities, I think he might not have liked me doing well.”

JULIAN LENNON,
on his father John

Sources: Carter, AP; Djindjic, AP; Barak, Washington Post; Lennon, *Rolling Stone*



DAN ADEL FOR TIME

IRISH EYES ARE WARY Fifteen months after the Good Friday accord, the Protestant leader David Trimble and his party boycotted Northern Ireland's nascent government, demanding the I.R.A. disarm. Will his Peace Prize be recalled?

WINNERS & LOSERS



ALAN GREENSPAN
Gets an A++ from Gore; set to keep his post in 2000. Chalk one up for inscrutability

JIANG ZEMIN
After losing soccer final, China says it has neutron bomb. And will be getting sports bras soon

BILL GATES
Whee! His personal fortune hits \$100 billion; Microsoft wins Connecticut lawsuit

HILLARY CLINTON
Fickle N.Y. has change of heart; she dives in new poll. There's never an intern around when you need one

ROSEANNE
Major NBC stations yanking her low-rated show in the fall. Anybody got a spare sitcom?

eBAY
Man admits conning \$37,000 out of auction website's patrons. Caveat emptor, Netizens



DANA WALKER FOR TIME

CAMPAIGN FINANCE

How George W. Bush Pinches His Pennies

RIVAL CAMPAIGNS LAUGHED WHEN **GEORGE W. BUSH's** campaign paid \$43,500 in a silent auction to rent prime space at next month's Iowa straw poll. "They took the bait," chuckled an adviser to Lamar Alexander. But Bush is laughing now. Rather than dip into his campaign chest, he had six donors cover the tab. Too clever, says Steve Forbes' team, which charges that the end run is a violation of campaign laws that prohibit individuals from giving more than \$1,000 to a candidate. The Bush folks say that since the money went to the Iowa Republican Party, they broke no rules. Perhaps that kind of fiscal ingenuity is why Bush has spent only a fifth of the \$37 mil-



George W. Bush

lion he has raised and why he announced he would forgo nearly \$17 million in matching federal funds in exchange for not being held to campaign spending limits.

AL GORE has already spent 42% of his purse on a busload of consultants and events like a do at Manhattan's Pierre Hotel that cost \$7,500. Said Bush strategist **KARL ROVE**: "We are the cost-conscious campaign." —*By John F. Dickerson/Washington*

CRIME

Haiti: Case Study of What Not to Do in Yugoslavia?

WESTERN PLANNERS CONTEMPLATING the reconstruction of Kosovo might want to look at Haiti. In 1994 Haitians were dancing in the streets after U.S. troops restored democracy. Not anymore. Political squabbling has led to government paralysis, and Haiti's **PRESIDENT RENE PREVAL** suspended Parliament in January and rules by decree. Although donor countries pledged more than \$1 billion in aid, the latest U.N. report notes that \$570 million

still hasn't been handed over because Haiti lacks the ministerial staff to draft programs for using the money. The report points out that 4% of Haiti's population still owns 66% of the country's resources, and annual income averages \$250 per person, compared with \$3,320 for the rest of the Caribbean and Latin America. Drug traffickers have also targeted Haiti. DEA officials believe as much as 15% of the cocaine in the U.S. may be coming through Port-au-Prince. There is growing speculation that former President **JEAN-BERTRAND ARISTIDE** could profit from the chaos: a total collapse may encourage his supporters to bring him back to power. —*By William Dowell*



Rene Preval

ANIMAL RIGHTS

A New Reason for Rabbits To Avoid Foxholes

THE U.S. MILITARY HAS HANDILY DEFEATED Yugoslavia and Iraq, but it may have more trouble in its p.r. battle against animal-rights activists. They're protesting the Pentagon's procurement of rabbits for troops to kill and eat as part of soldiers' survival training. Service members trapped behind enemy lines may have to live for days on the run, and the ability to find food can be critical to their survival, defense officials say. That's why the Air Force routinely orders hundreds of 5-lb. rabbits ("any color... any breed," according to a purchase request) for \$7 each. Instructional aids for the survival course include a "club to kill animal."



Military rations?

People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, based in Norfolk, Va., says many rabbits die "a slow and agonizing death after being bludgeoned." A starving soldier, PETA says, ought to be able to kill for food by other means.

And they do. Troops also are taught how to dine on snakes ("Use care when skinning"), turtles ("can be boiled or roasted") and chicken ("kill a fowl either by cutting its head off or by placing its head under a strong stick, placing both your feet on either end of the stick while grasping the bird's body... and pulling vigorously until its head is pulled off"). Bon appetit. —*By Mark Thompson/Washington*

THE DRAWING BOARD



The Eleanor Index

HILLARY CLINTON'S PLANNED RACE for the Senate demonstrates that First Ladies can have a political afterlife. A new biography of Eleanor Roosevelt got us wondering: Which of the current candidates' spouses has the most in common with the first among First Ladies?



| | ELEANOR | WINNER | RUNNER-UP |
|---------------------------------|---|---|---|
| CAME FROM ELITE FAMILY | Niece of Theodore Roosevelt | SABINA FORBES (8) (née Beekman): father was a prominent clergyman | CINDY MCCAIN (née Hensley): family owns a distribution company |
| WAS EDUCATED ABROAD | Went to finishing school in England where all classes were in French | ERNESTINE BRADLEY (2): raised in Germany; fluent in four languages | SABINA FORBES: studied in Paris and Rome |
| HAD DAREDEVIL IMPULSES | Took a dangerous mile-long toboggan ride at Lake Placid | SABINA FORBES: likes tractor driving; has assisted with calving | TIPPER GORE (1): plays drums; tried marijuana; Rollerblades |
| INCURRED PUBLIC WRATH | Criticized for profiting from her radio show and for anti-segregation stance | CINDY MCCAIN: drew fire for avoiding serious punishment after she admitted stealing painkillers | TIPPER GORE: branded a "cultural terrorist" for advocating censorship of violent, sexual lyrics |
| PROMOTED STIGMATIZED ISSUES | Raised awareness of conditions in prisons and mental hospitals | TIPPER GORE: promoted awareness of mental illness, like clinical depression | BOB DOLE (6): spoke out on prostate cancer and erectile dysfunction |
| WORKED IN POLITICS | Served as chairwoman of women's division of Democratic Party | BOB DOLE: was Kansas Senator, Senate majority leader, presidential nominee | SHELLEY BUCHANAN (5): campaigned for Nixon and Goldwater |
| HAD HER OWN SENSE OF STYLE | Fancied fox furs and basic colors | LAURA BUSH (3): campaigns in pantsuits; has worn mohair dresses, Escada | SHELLEY BUCHANAN: favors Donna Karan and Oscar de la Renta |
| WROTE BOOKS | <i>This Is My Story, On My Own</i> and <i>The Autobiography of Eleanor Roosevelt</i> , among others | ERNESTINE BRADLEY: <i>Die Philosophie Hermann Broch</i> , <i>Hermann Broch</i> and <i>The Language of Silence</i> | MARILYN QUAYLE (7): <i>Embrace the Serpent</i> and <i>The Campaign: A Novel</i> |
| HAD NIFTY NICKNAME | Real name: Anna; also called "Granny" | TIPPER GORE: real name is Mary Elizabeth | HONEY ALEXANDER (4): real name is Leslee Kathryn |
| TRIUMPHED OVER PERSONAL TRAGEDY | Lost second son; grappled with depression and spousal infidelity | BOB DOLE: war wounds paralyzed right arm; beat prostate cancer | TIPPER GORE: suffered depression after son's dire accident |
| DRAWN TO WOMEN | Sent love letters to a female journalist | BOB DOLE: married to a woman | None. / OVERALL WINNER: BOB DOLE |

Y 2 K 2 G O

FUTURE STOCK If the visuals unveiled at the annual Fancy Food Show are anything to go by, folks are preparing for an apocalyptic 21st century. There was Seaphire, left, an asparagus-like plant grown in seawater, ideal for ozone-related drought; tiny popcorn, 10 mm in diameter, for reduced circumstances; and Chocolate Body Powder, with ostrich feather, for romantic Y2K blackouts.



BACKLASH

SULLIED SERAPHIM They've ascended to the heavens in popularity, so they had to come down. People can be so arch:

- Gag-gift retailer Archie McPhee has begun hawking Angel Snot, "the gift of precious fluids from heaven's messengers." The item is already a best seller.
- The Chimp Channel on TBS featured "Touched by an Anvil," an episode in which a wig-wearing monkey impersonates Roma Downey's cherubic character.
- The soon-to-be-released *Dogma* stars Matt Damon and Ben Affleck as homicidal angels who smoke, drink and curse.



CALVIN TRILLIN

And Bring Back Millie

IN MY TIME I HAVE PROMULGATED ONLY TWO INVIOLEABLE laws of American presidential politics. One of them is that our respect for a presidential candidate is at its highest just after he has announced his decision to withdraw from the race. The other is that sooner or later every Administration makes us nostalgic for the Administration that preceded it. You can imagine how gratified I am to have seen both my laws demonstrated in recent days. I'm beginning to understand the little buzz that Einstein must have felt when year after year the universe seemed to be steaming along just the way he said it would.

Admit that you found yourself admiring John Kasich last week when he withdrew from the Republican presidential race. It's said that Kasich, who never got past the single digits in the polls and had mustered the sort of funds that would be considered tip money by the campaign of George Quincy Bush, was simply being realistic. He can't win. My point, exactly. Given the fever that grips people running for President, simply being realistic always comes as a welcome surprise. When Orrin Hatch gets realistic enough to withdraw, he'll be praised with comments like "He wasn't really all that bad" or "I've seen sillier." Believe me. It's a law.

My other law kicks in when, partly because of the intensity of White House media coverage, the incumbent begins to grate on your nerves. By the time George Bush the Elder left the White House, you were tired of him and tired of Kennebunkport and tired of all those numbingly respectable Cabinet officers who looked as if they'd all gone to Andover together.

And you were sick to death of that wretched dog. You were starting to miss the buccaneering days of the Reagan Administration, during which TIME once devoted several pages to mug shots of all the Reagan officials who'd had ethical or legal charges leveled against them—a layout that looked like the life insurance-company ads congratulating the leading salesmen of the tristate area. Now, after 6½ years of

Clinton, you're nostalgic for those Protestant gentlemen of the Bush era who never came near getting indicted. The vision of Brent Scowcroft dozing in the Oval Office brings a warm glow.

This, of course, works to the advantage of Bush the Younger, whose last name carries a warmth it didn't have in 1991, and to the disadvantage of Hillary Clinton, whose family is at that stage of an Administration at which a lot of Americans are thinking, "We'll be glad to see the back of you." It's not just what the press is now calling "Clinton fatigue." It's an inviolable law of presidential politics.

If the 2000 race goes as predicted, of course, it will be only a few years before Americans start finding themselves a little irritated with Bush the Younger, who by then may have demonstrated that he not only can't tell Slovenia from Slovakia but also has a little trouble distinguishing Iran from Iraq. You could find yourself thinking, "One thing about Clinton—that boy knew his geography." It would be only a matter of time before you were admitting to yourself, "I miss ol' Webb Hubbell. The man was a hoot!" That would be the time for Bill Clinton to run for the Senate from Arkansas.



STEREOTYPE WATCH

IN STEREO WHERE AVAILABLE Last week the N.A.A.C.P. criticized TV networks for underrepresenting minorities. Programming execs

countered that airtime is filled with minorities. This may be true, but the roles created for minority actors often bear a marked similarity.

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: HARTSON—NBC; EVERETT COLLECTION; REITER—NBC; WATSON—FOX



| STEREOTYPE | EXAMPLES | RESPONSIBILITIES |
|---------------------------------------|--|--|
| THE SPICY LATINO | <i>Suddenly Susan's</i> Luis (Nestor Carbonell) <i>Jesse's</i> Diego (Bruno Campos) | Exude sexuality, act slightly dim |
| THE KVETCHING JEWISH MOTHER | <i>The Nanny's</i> Sylvia Fine (Renee Taylor) <i>Seinfeld's</i> Helen Seinfeld (Liz Sheridan) <i>Mad About You's</i> Sylvia Buchman (Cynthia Harris) | Irritate, pamper and feed the lead character |
| SASSY BLACK ROOMIE OR NEIGHBOR | <i>Ally McBeal's</i> Renee (Lisa Nicole Carson) <i>V.I.P.'s</i> Maxine (Angelle Brooks) <i>Clueless's</i> Dionne (Stacey Dash) | Be opinionated-but-cute confidante to equally cute heroine |
| THE FLAMBOYANT HOMOSEXUAL | <i>Will & Grace's</i> Jack (Sean Hayes) <i>Veronica's Closet's</i> Josh (Wallace Langham) <i>The Larry Sanders Show's</i> Brian (Scott Thompson) | Make Oscar Wildeque quips and big gestures |

MILESTONES



JOE MANIONE/REXUS

DIED. DONALD ENGEN, 75, head of the National Air and Space Museum and a much decorated Navy pilot; when the glider in which he was a passenger crashed near Minden, Nev., while he was on vacation with his wife. A gliding enthusiast who headed the FAA in the 1980s, Engen oversaw the exhibition of such gems as the *Spirit of St. Louis*, which Charles Lindbergh flew across the Atlantic in 1927.

DIED. ERNST WYNDER, 77, pioneering physician and researcher who co-authored a landmark 1950 study linking cigarettes with lung cancer; of thyroid cancer; in New York City. Founder of the American Health Foundation based in New York City, Wynder most recently served on a federal panel created to evaluate alternative therapies to treat and prevent cancer.

DIED. STAN DURWOOD, 78, ebullient creator of the now ubiquitous multiplex movie theater; of esophageal cancer; in Kansas City, Mo. Durwood opened his first fully planned multiplex in 1962—with *The Great Escape* playing on both screens. Now the company he ran, AMC Entertainment, operates 218



theaters (and 2,729 screens) in 23 states and several countries including Spain and Japan. "Our goal is to say to the customer, 'We love ya,'" he said in 1996. "We want to make your stay pleasant and fun."

DIED. AARON LAPIN, 85, inventor of Reddi-wip; in Los Angeles. Lapin—nicknamed Bunny (his last name means rabbit in French)—introduced his aerosol canister of cream in 1946. Within five years, the former clothing salesman was a millionaire.

DIED. CLARENCE L. HARRIS, 94, lunch manager who in 1960 let four black students remain seated at Woolworth's whites-only counter; in Greensboro, N.C. Harris did not serve the protesters, but his insistence that police not be called helped energize the sit-in, which after six months (and hundreds of demonstrators) succeeded in integrating the counter. The action sparked similar tests across the South.



ATWOOD/REXUS



NUMBERS



\$156 billion Assets of the world's three richest men: Bill Gates, Warren Buffett and Paul Allen

\$136.2 billion Total GNP of the 43 least developed countries, the population of which is 600 million people

1.3 billion Number of people who live on less than \$1 a day

72% International adult literacy rate, up from 48% in 1970

2,112 Ranking of books by television anchors Tom Brokaw, Dan Rather and Peter Jennings, respectively, on the *New York Times* best-seller list

84% Proportion of Americans who say government would work better if more people voted

49% Proportion of voting-age population who cast ballots in the 1996 presidential election, the lowest since 1924

BOB HANLEY FOR TIME



\$400 billion Estimated annual value of illicit drug sales worldwide

\$270 billion Annual value of motor-vehicle exports worldwide

Sources: Forbes, U.N. Development Program, New York Times, Council for Excellence in Government

24 YEARS AGO IN TIME

Last week the Boston School Committee voted to stop using racial quotas to determine which schools students attend and end race-based busing. Thus ended a battle that *TIME* reported on almost a quarter-century ago:

"At roughly the same time in Boston about 500 police in riot gear and federal marshals surrounded shabby Charlestown High School, in the shadow of the Bunker Hill Monument. Armed with a high-powered rifle, a police sharpshooter carefully watched a sullen crowd of whites as three yellow buses unloaded 66 black boys and girls. They showed their student identification cards to school officials, passed



through an electronic metal detector that checked for weapons, and walked into the gray stone building ... Thus, in scenes that have become a fall ritual since the Supreme Court outlawed segregated schools in 1954, classes opened last week in the two cities that are the primary targets in this year's battle over busing ... The main confrontation took place in Charlestown, where about 200 white mothers, chanting Hail Marys, tried to push their way through the police lines ... The bitter and seemingly endless debate over busing had led many politicians and educators to predict that it will be abandoned as a tool for desegregating schools.

—*TIME*, Sept. 22, 1975



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JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

HE WAS AMERICA

CAMELOT The President who brought vigor to a nation was just plain Dad to the son born just weeks after his election

STANLEY TRETTON/CONNE BYRNE



CA'S PRINCE...

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



AN ICON OF BOTH M



TRIUMPH When John-John played games in the Oval Office, he captured all the insouciant charm of his father's presidency

STANLEY TRETCH—CORBIS SYGMA



MAGIC AND GRIEF...

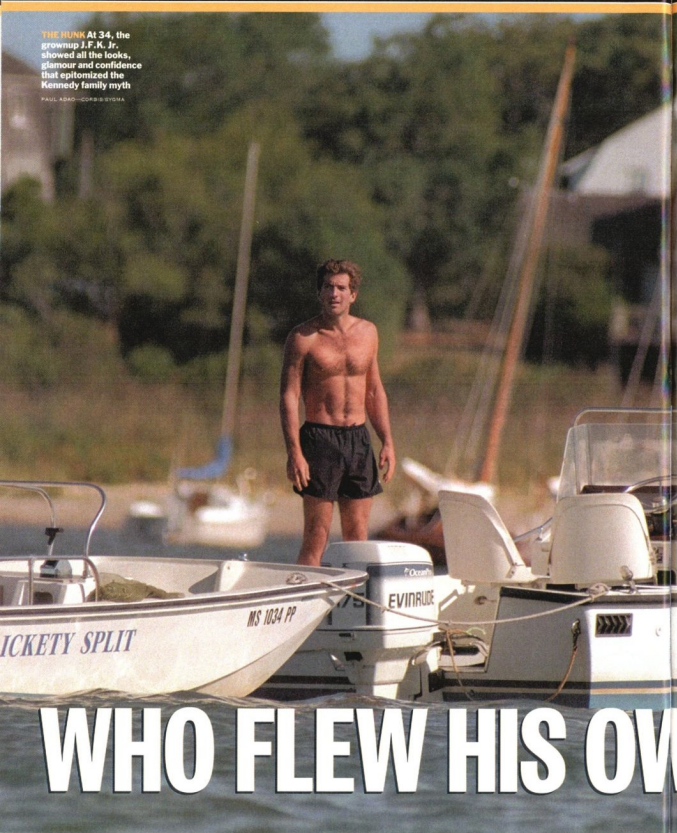
TRAGEDY The nation wept when three-year-old John bravely saluted the coffin of a father assassinated at the peak of his career

UPI/CORBIS GETTMANN

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

THE HUNK At 34, the grownup J.F.K. Jr. showed all the looks, glamour and confidence that epitomized the Kennedy family myth

PAUL ADAM—CORBIS SYGMA



WHO FLEW HIS OWN



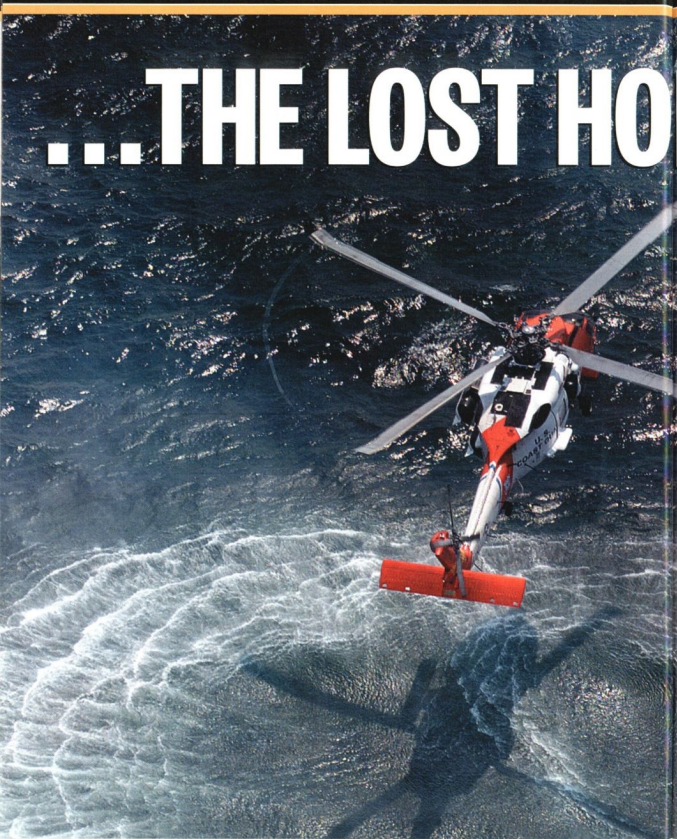
SETTLING DOWN The world thrilled to John's famous romances, but he kissed and clashed and finally married the private Bessette

TYLER HALLORY/NEWSMAKERS

OWN COURSE TO...

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

...THE LOST HO



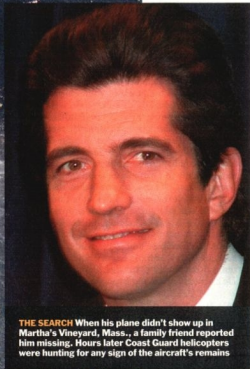
RIZON

By NANCY GIBBS

JOHN KENNEDY JR. LOVED TO FLY. AFTER HE GOT his pilot's license last year he would ask people if they wanted to come along, could he give them a lift somewhere. But most of us don't need to go where he did—to a place where he could get away, off camera, out of the bubble, on his own. Most often he headed up to the house his mother had left him on Martha's Vineyard, Mass., a place so special, so private, the houses far back from the road, the beaches so peaceful. Until last Saturday afternoon, when the luggage, a woman's compact, a headrest, began washing up on that shore, turning a wedding day into a wake.

This family, the subject of a thousand books and untold memories, has soaked our imaginations for a half-century. We have attended their inaugurations and weddings and football games and too many of their funerals. We knew they were not like us, but we watched them all the more. We saw them in black and white, blessed and cursed, the image of the merry young father climbing off the helicopter, wrapping his arms around the tiny boy who ran across the lawn to him, cuddling his son in the rowboat, walking on the beach, tumbling in the grass. The pictures of President Kennedy and his son brought home to us one life ended too soon, the hollowing out of a country's soul when it lost its President, but most cruelly they reminded us of the boy who lost his dad before he got to know him. All he could do was salute.

We saw those pictures again all weekend, but now the dark shadow has lengthened with the passing of 35 years to claim the son as well. A boy born on Thanksgiving Day to a man just elected President lost his father three days before his third birthday. John Jr. and his sister Caroline grew up in our hearts instead, protected by a mother who feared that death still stalked the family. After Bobby was killed, Jackie said, "If they're killing



THE SEARCH When his plane didn't show up in Martha's Vineyard, Mass., a family friend reported him missing. Hours later Coast Guard helicopters were hunting for any sign of the aircraft's remains

PHIL GUY SMITH/GETTY IMAGES

WILLIAM SHERRILL—HISTORICAL PHOTO

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



THE LANDING GEAR An airplane's wheel washed up on a beach Saturday

Kennedys, then my children are targets." As it turned out, fate and folly took over where the assassins left off. There were Robert Kennedy's sons David, dead of an overdose, and Michael, who skied into the trees playing football down the slopes of Aspen. If Robert and Ethel's children seemed scarred by misfortune, Jackie Kennedy seemed to have achieved her great goal of raising, in tragedy's backyard, two healthy, decent kids who were aware of both the gifts and the duties that were their birthright.

In the pain of last Saturday it was possible to be grateful that Jackie had died first, this woman who had taught the country how to mourn in grace. We could not have borne to watch her bury her son.

JOHN KENNEDY JR. WAS SWADDLED IN headlines, the first baby ever born to a President-elect. It was news when he came out of the incubator, when he first went on formula, when he got a haircut or lost a tooth. The family never called him John-John; a reporter heard his father chasing after the fleeing toddler, shouting "John, John," and thought it was a pet name. And so it became our name for him, not theirs, which was fitting, since like the rest of the family, he has always been partly a myth of our own making, a mirror, a mirage.

If you believe his friends, the most fa-

mous son in the world wanted nothing more than to be a normal guy, to put people at ease. Born to a father who understood politics as a performance art, he hoped at one time to become an actor, but wound up as an editor of a magazine that promised to treat politics as entertainment, which could be seen as a strange gesture toward the arena in which his father and uncle had died.

In their shadow he lived life in full; he kayaked and parasailed and Rollerbladed through Central Park, traveled to India to study health care and dated Madonna and Daryl Hannah, flunked the bar exam twice and couldn't go for pizza without the tabs coming along. If he was less reckless than his cousins, it was not saying much; there were friends who turned down the invitation to take to the skies with him. Pilot Kyle Bailey watched the plane take off Friday night. "I didn't lose any sleep over it," he says. "I figured he must know what he was doing." But Bailey didn't like the weather. He decided to wait and fly in the morning.

SATURDAY WAS SUPPOSED TO BE RORY'S DAY. Ethel's youngest daughter had earned the perfect weather, a bright breeze and feathery clouds and sunshine splashed across the water. Ethel Kennedy was pregnant with Rory when her husband was murdered in 1968; Rory's uncle Ted attended

her delivery and played surrogate father to her and her brothers and sisters. It was Rory who cradled her brother Michael as he lay dying on a mountain after skiing into a fir tree, his three children praying at his side. Rory, a documentary filmmaker, had seen suffering in her family, and she had shared in their successes, and so last weekend they were gathering to share in hers as she prepared to marry New York City writer Mark Bailey.

Friday night was the bridal dinner, for family and members of the wedding party. Rory and her mom had gone sailing the day before; the weather was lovely, the dinner was perfect.

JOHNN JR., HIS WIFE CAROLYN BESSETTE Kennedy and her sister Lauren, a New York City investment banker, arrived in separate cars at New Jersey's Essex County Airport. John had told friends the day before that he was flying straight to Hyannis; the decision to stop in Martha's Vineyard to drop Lauren off may have come at the last minute. But the weather was clear, and the FAA does not require pilots to file a flight plan when visual flight rules are in place.

John was apparently not rated for instrument flying, which meant that the



THE LUGGAGE A garment bag with a chilling business card, washed up on the beach, added to the grim evidence as Americans watched and wept



THE VIGIL Ethel Kennedy, above, waits for news on the porch of her home in the Kennedy compound in Hyannis Port; Rory Kennedy and her fiancé Mark Bailey ponder a celebration gone horribly wrong



night had better stay very clear. Flying a small plane over water at night can be a scary business; the horizon bleeds into the water, so you can be in a shallow turn and not even know it, not be able to get your bearings from the lights on the shore.

The sun set in New York around 8:25; the plane took off at 8:38, a Piper Saratoga large enough for six people but carrying only three. It turned north, then east, as the temperature began to dip and the haze thickened around the islands and fingers of Massachusetts. The flight was supposed to take a little more than an hour.

The last radar signal came at 9:39, just south of Aquinnah. When they had not turned up by 2:00 a.m., a family friend reported them missing, and the search began about an hour later. The FAA began checking airports along the route. At 7:30, once the sun was up, the Coast Guard and Air National Guard combed the waters from Long Island Sound to Cape Cod Bay.

Saturday morning dawned bright and clear, the tent on the lawn looked like fluffs of whipped cream, the flags snapped at full staff, the caterers and florists prepared for the 275 guests due for the 6 p.m. ceremony. But by 8:30 a.m. the family was on the phone, calling the wedding guests, telling them not to come. And as it has so many times before, the Kennedy compound became the gathering place for

friends and relatives haunted by fear and grief. They held Mass on the porch, with about 50 family members and three priests praying "for the safety of the loved ones," as well as for Rory and Mark.

Guests at the Sheraton Tara could just sit and wait, hang out in the bar, look around empty and hug one another for a long time. Neighbors tied yellow ribbons around the trees and telephone poles near the compound. "We were thinking today would be the fun part of living next door to the Kennedys," said neighbor Carolyn Quinn. Late in the afternoon the caterers left, their uniforms still on hangers in cleaner bags.

Around the country the news spread and the vigil commenced. President Clinton was kept informed of the search's progress and began calling family members. Neighbors began leaving candles and flowers outside the TriBeCa building where John and Carolyn lived. The crowd at Yankee Stadium, where John had spent Thursday evening, had a moment of silence before the game. Churches held special Masses and prayer services, including one in Connecticut for members of the Bessette family, who were contemplating the loss of two of their three daughters.

Staff members at *George* magazine poured into the office, just to be together. "It's incredibly somber and sad here," said

one. "We're watching this stuff on TV and it's all so surreal." Kennedy's corner office remained closed and locked. From his office windows, he had a distant view of the Statue of Liberty; on the walls were pictures of his wife and his father and mother, as well as political bumper stickers and a few photos of Kennedy himself when he was younger.

A whole generation born after President Kennedy died never had to answer that question, "Where were you ...?" The unfinished presidency haunted the country for years; in polls for decades after, people ranked Kennedy as the greatest of Presidents, leading historians to wonder whether people gave him credit for doing all the things he never had the chance to do. And to the extent that the man and the myth lived on, it lived through the family, and above all through the son who bore the name and the charm and the burden.

People seemed to admire John simply for the poise with which he moved through the crowd of echoes and expectations that followed him everywhere. "It's very good to be the son of a legend," Larry King observed to his guest one night. "It's complicated," John replied, "and it makes for a rich and complicated life"—as though he knew that he mattered less for anything he did than for what he meant to us.

—With reporting by James Carney/Washington and John F. Dickerson/Hyannis Port

Should He Have Flown?

Some question whether Kennedy was capable of handling the conditions, and the plane, that night

By JEFFREY KLUGER

EVEN AS TEARS WERE BEING SHED AND tributes read following the crash of John F. Kennedy Jr.'s plane, a troubling question became hard to ignore: Should he have taken off that night? In a family famous for its appetite for risk, Kennedy was far from the most reckless. Yet he didn't shrink from pushing the edge of his personal envelope. Last Friday he may have pushed too far, as a deadly combination of too much airplane and too green a pilot apparently proved disastrous.

When the first details of the crash of Kennedy's Piper Saratoga emerged on Saturday, some experienced pilots refused to criticize his flying, since no one yet knows whether something as simple as mechanical failure caused the accident. Others, however, nodded sadly to themselves at what seemed to be Kennedy's disregard for a few basic rules of aviation safety. A licensed pilot for only a year, he nonetheless took off without filing a flight plan—something the Federal Aviation Administration does not require but that many pilots do take a moment to do. He took off from Essex County Airport in Fairfield, N.J., at sunset and thus flew most of his route in darkness, even though it's not certain he was rated for the tricky instrument piloting that allows seasoned aviators to fly essentially blind. Worst of all, he was flying a muscled-up, high-performance airplane that requires a butterfly touch—something Kennedy may not yet have acquired. "It's a lot of airplane for an inexperienced pilot to handle," said a pilot who works for the FAA, "especially at night and especially over water."

What makes the Saratoga such a handful is its speed. With a velocity that can exceed 200 m.p.h., it's a good 50% faster than many simpler

planes. At that kind of clip, things can go wrong in a hurry. According to some reports, radar briefly picked up Kennedy's plane at 2,200 ft. and then, just 12 seconds later, at 1,300 ft., meaning it was plunging toward the water at 4,500 ft. per minute. "I would consider that out of control," says Alan Leiwant, a professional pilot who frequently uses Essex Airport.

While it's possible that Kennedy's lack of experience may actually have worked in his favor, since his recent training would have freshly equipped him to deal with such emergencies, some of his other actions are open to question. Traveling from Fairfield to Martha's Vineyard, Mass., pi-

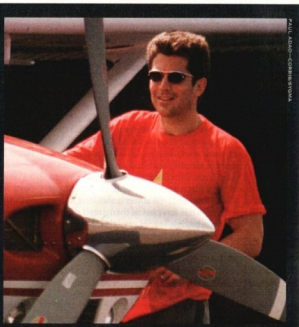
lots follow one of two flight paths. The easier, safer route hugs the southern coast of Connecticut, keeping the plane within the comforting sight of land most of the time. The trickier one follows the line of Long Island, then sails out over water, passing only the relative lily pad of Block Island before reaching Martha's Vineyard. Kennedy chose the water route, and that may have been his undoing. "Fifteen or 20 miles over water is daunting in daylight," says Joe Orlando, an Essex pilot who met Kennedy on the flight strip a few months ago. "At night it's terrifying." Making things worse, much of the East Coast was under a heat-wave haze, reducing visibility even further.

That Kennedy proceeded despite these dangers did not surprise some people. Stories circulated last week that friends and family members feared for his safety every time he climbed into the cockpit. Recently a colleague demurred when Kennedy offered him a lift from Boston to New York, explaining that he felt uncomfortable in single-engine airplanes. Kennedy shrugged off the

concern. "When you have two [engines]," he reportedly said, "if one goes out, it's very difficult to steer the plane, because the other one is working." Of course, if one goes out when you have only one, you're left with none at all.

After the crash, much was also made of the fact that Kennedy was flying with a bad ankle, having broken it while parasailing over the Memorial Day weekend. Those concerns may have been overstated. The Saratoga does have foot-pedal controls, which require at least some degree of ankle agility to operate. But they come into play only during takeoffs and landings, which are the riskiest parts of any flight. By all accounts, however, Kennedy had no trouble leaving the runway; sadly, he never got a chance to land.

For the Kennedy family—and for a nation shocked at yet another tragedy striking so star-crossed a clan—determining the causes of the crash is, for now, utterly beside the point. Other amateur pilots may learn from Kennedy's possible mistakes, but that will have to wait. For now, the price of that knowledge seems heartbreakingly high. —Reported by William Dowell/Fairfield and Mark Thompson/Washington



TRADING UP
Last October Kennedy tended to his previous plane, a single-engine Cessna; recently he bought a Piper Saratoga, which is something of a hot rod. It can fly 200 m.p.h.



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Lance Morrow/Martha's Vineyard

A View from the Shore

A CLATTER OF EMERGENCY: A COAST GUARD HELICOPTER flutters low from Tashmoo to Gay Head, scanning the water for something that may have fallen. We watch from the beach in the summer morning. We stand among dark boulders, taller than we, that came to rest here 20,000 years ago when the glacier melted and retreated north. The waves in Vineyard Sound have a lazy heave, sweet whitecaps in the distance.

A friend has summured here all her long life. She remarks (the memory coming alive in her eyes as fresh as yesterday) that in the spring of 1932, after the Lindbergh baby was kidnapped, a tipster told the family that the child would be found, alive, on a boat off Gay Head. Our friend watched from this shore as Charles Lindbergh flew relentlessly back and forth in his small plane over exactly these waters, searching for that boat. Our friend mimes Lindbergh's fierce, focused anguish, peering at the waves: "Where's that baby? Where's that baby?"

Where's the famous child? the helicopters want to know. Where's John-John, who became, in time, the Kennedys' hunk Telemachus, next in the family's line of dreamboats and (in the tabloid version) satyrs and—can it be?—latest to fall before some mystery of bad karma on a dynasty's scale?

We shake our heads, our faces almost embarrassed in the presence of this violent blank: What is the text trying to teach us? This merciless—almost preposterous—pounding, these ingenious yet repetitive variations on the theme: they mean something, don't they? They've got to. Some cruelly over-written sermon on Old Joe's hubris? There must be a secret beneath the surface, down there, full-fathom five, beneath the choppers and clatter of media.

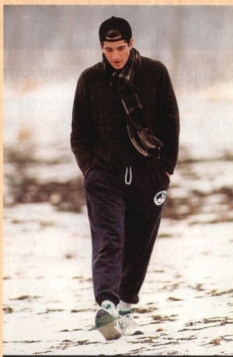
Or is it vulgar to demand meaning in what may be, after all, just the piling on of bad luck arriving in bizarrely unusual clusters? We want Sophocles or Shakespeare—or, rather, in our day, tear-drenched mass-media renderings of equivalent tragedies—to broadcast inflated significances, messages from God. (We have before us the ghastly example of Diana's death and the mawkish excesses that followed.) But maybe we are merely in the presence of outrageous fortune. To my mind, standing on this beach, the Kennedys' accumulation of dooms seems as inarticulate as the boulders that the glacier left.

No family played such a sustained, gaudily heart-breaking role in America's fantasy life—the longest-running political soap. Eventually—after the *LIFE* magazine spreads that spun Old Joe's golden children into myth in the '40s and '50s, after Dallas and the keening over Camelot and after Bobby—at last there set in the disillusioned revisionism: the dark-side stories about Jack's satyriasis and the loathsome twin, the brothers treated Marilyn. And the myth developed a twin, an antithesis of cheap fraud, of a tribe of photogenic hustlers.

I don't know. I attended the magic show at an early moment. Once, in the '50s, when I was a 12-year-old Senate page boy for the summer and Jack was the junior Senator from Massachusetts, he entered the Senate chamber one late-June morning, walking on crutches because of his recent back operation. The chamber was one-third full, the atmosphere somnolent, idly buzzing. When Kennedy walked in from the Democratic cloakroom, a jolt of electricity fired the air. The chamber fell silent. Even heavy-hammered saurians like Herman Welker of Idaho and Homer Capehart of Indiana and Joe McCarthy of Wisconsin swiveled and peered for a long moment at Kennedy with a curiosity and awe that impressed me, even as a child, as unusual: they had seen something.

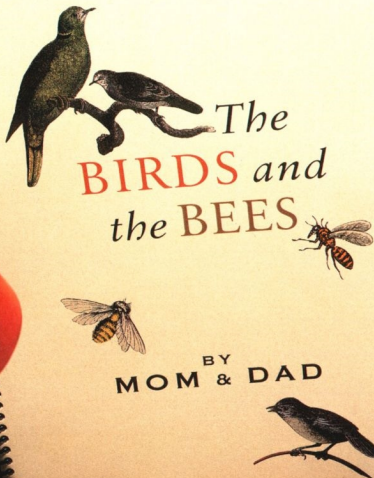
His son John Jr. possessed not that magic but a sweetness and an intelligence that the tabloids, with their headlines about "the hunk," always missed. The celebrity media came at him with an ambivalence of adoration and envious jeering, sneering superciliously at the mere Adonis. That was stupid journalism. When my wife and I first had dinner with him some years ago, he talked to her about Egypt, and he recommended a book by a writer named Michael Ondaatje. The book was called *The English Patient*, but no one had heard of it in those days. John did generous and time-consuming charity work on, among other things, a program to help improve the prospects of health-care workers who earned next to nothing in their jobs. No one wrote about that side of him. I think he might have done much more in our public affairs if the more ravenous branches of our culture had not condemned him to life as a cartoon.

I am told that a wheel from the plane has been found. I am going down to the beach now, to sit on one of the smaller boulders and see if I can find something in the *Book of Job*. ■



SILENT STROLL Seeking solace in Hyannis Port after the death of his grandmother, Rose Kennedy

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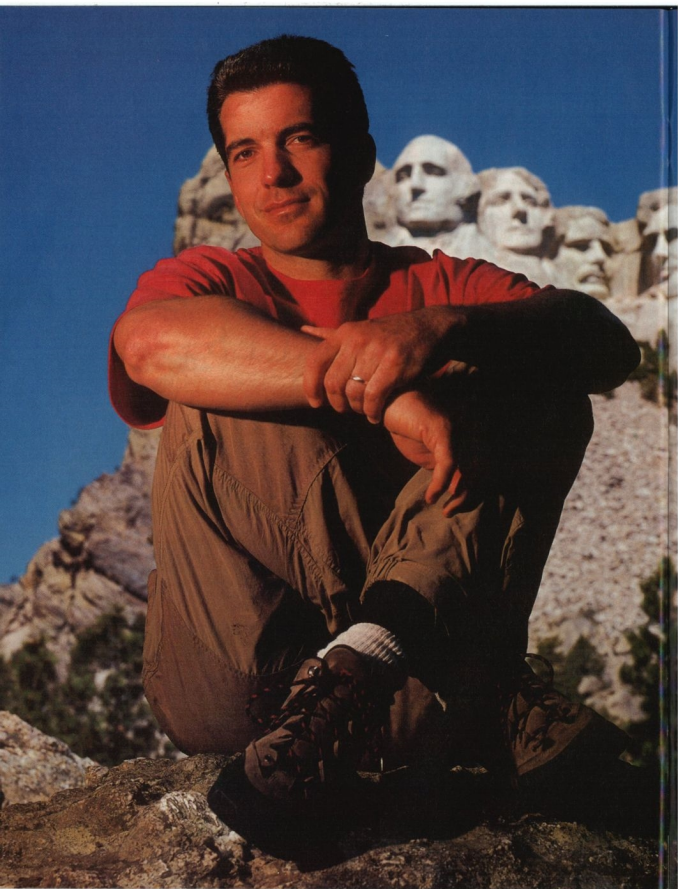
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JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

THE ART OF BEING JFK JR.

Under the burden of fame, he led
a life of decency and purpose

By ERIC POOLEY

THE FOUR FRIENDS HAD BEEN DOING SOME STRENUOUS PADDLING under the Baja sun, and as soon as they pulled their ocean kayaks up onto the deserted beach, John Kennedy plunged into the Pacific. It was a glorious day in the mid-1980s. Kennedy; his girlfriend at the time, actress Christina Haag; and their old friends Lynn Weinstein and Billy Straus were vacationing together, communing with the extraordinary gray whales in Magdalena Bay. Now the others were relaxing on the beach, not paying much attention as Kennedy swam farther and farther out into the open sea, well beyond the big lines of breakers rolling toward shore—until the friends suddenly realized they couldn't see him at all. They stood onshore, panicking and scanning the horizon, wondering whether and where and how to go after him. Finally, after a few gut-wrenching minutes, says Straus, "all of a sudden he just reappeared." Emerging from the heavy surf—dripping, exhilarated, wondering what all the fuss was about. "I've been with him in a few difficult situations, and he's always come out the other side."

Which is why, on Saturday morning, when Straus and other close friends of Kennedy saw the first nonstop coverage of Kennedy's missing plane, they were more than skeptical. The media were going crazy about John again—nothing new there—and though it surely looked dire, he just had to be all right. He was the "Master of Disaster," always getting into scrapes but escaping. Perhaps he and Carolyn and her sister Lauren had ditched the plane and hitchhiked out of there, or maybe they were holed up on the beach of a tiny uninhabited island Kennedy knew, waiting to be discovered and sharing a little joke at the world.

All this seemed possible because John F. Kennedy Jr. had such a complex relationship with his own fame—sometimes amused, often appalled, always highly ironic toward the weirdness in which he

FAME'S SHADOW
Last month at
Mount Rushmore,
John poses with
Presidents

Photograph for TIME by Brian Smale/Corbis—Outline

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



BEREFT His father's death weighed on the young Kennedy, pictured here in 1965

lived. He had to get away from it sometimes—to Baja, to Alaska, up in the Piper Saratoga—because his celebrity had never not been there. He couldn't tell you where the media images of his childhood ended and his own memories began, and learning to live with its effects hadn't been easy. People were always approaching him, always wanting something from him, but he stood in the fray and treated them graciously. "He assumed the best about people and never became cynical about their motives," his close friend Dave Eikenberry told *TIME*, "and that's amazing, given the sycophants and leg humpers he had to deal with every day. It took enormous fortitude for him to stay well grounded in the face of his bizarre celebrity, but he did it. Besides which, he was just the best guy to do stuff with I've ever known. I'm going to miss him for the rest of my life."

Everyone has to work through hard questions of identity and self-image; Kennedy had to work through his while trapped inside a brightly lit media fun house with distorted mirrors all around. And so he took advantage of an elaborate system that allowed him to cope: a family that had been through hell in public and knew how to guard its privacy—and to make life as normal as it could be. On his own, he developed a band of fiercely loyal and discreet friends who helped create a secure zone around him, who were always glad to say "No comment," escape with him into the wilderness for another adventure, or indulge his unquenchable love of the outdoors—parasailing, running, skiing, biking, losing himself in individual effort.

Within the zone, Kennedy was free to conduct his real life's work: not the maga-

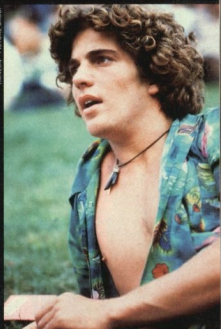
zine he launched, or the charities he volunteered for, or the law, but the cultivation of a basic, good-humored decency—an ordinariness that was his last defense against the extraordinary role life had handed him. He took the subway or rode a bike to work, hanging out mostly with friends who weren't at all famous, using his unparalleled celebrity mostly on behalf of good causes. At the same time, he went out of his way to joke with the tabloid reporters who watched his every move, was invariably polite to those who approached him on the street, and showed elaborate courtesy to the frantic, swooning women who mobbed him. He sent a hilarious note to *New York* magazine writer Michael Gross, who had profiled him against his will, saying he was glad the issue with his face on the cover was off the newsstands, so "I can



WITH DAD
Weeks before his murder, the President introduced his son to the sea. John said he—like America—saw his father as an icon



MOTHER LOVE From this White House nuzzle in 1962 until the day she died in 1994, Jackie was the guide and guardian of his life



SEX APPEAL
As a student at Brown, above, he shows the body that made him a heartthrob

ON HIS OWN
In choosing Brown, John Jr. distanced himself from the Harvard-Kennedy mythology

stop glaring at myself glaring back at me."

And ultimately, he coped with the media carnival—the rumored affair with Madonna, the *PEOPLE* cover proclaiming him "The Sexiest Man Alive"—by opening up a place of his own on the midway: *George* magazine, which from time to time he used to send up the national obsession with all things Kennedy. He put Drew Barrymore on the cover, for instance, in a parody of Marilyn Monroe in the sewed-on gown singing *Happy Birthday, Mr. President*. When an uproar ensued, Kennedy pretended he didn't understand what the fuss was about. Or maybe he really didn't understand—it was just another image from the family album.

A few years ago, at a party in Washington, he was chatting with a friend about how poised and normal Chelsea Clinton seemed, even though she was growing up

in the White House. "It's really a tribute to the Clintons," the friend said. Kennedy smiled. "Why is it," he asked, "that nobody ever gives the kids any credit?"

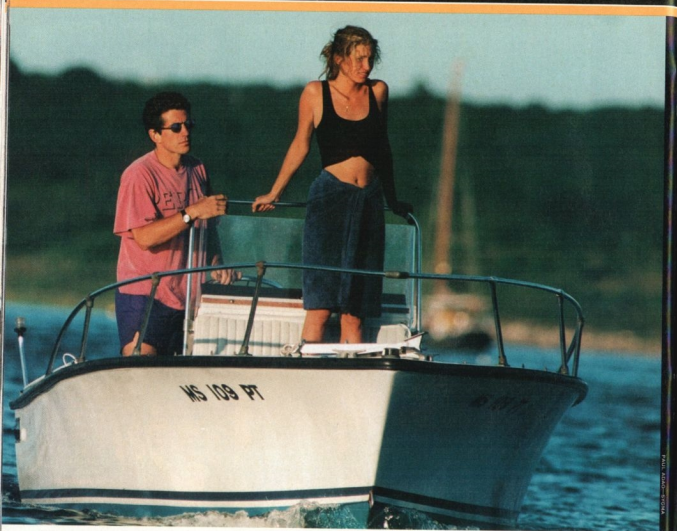
He had a point. Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis received much deserved praise for the way she raised her children. But John and Caroline deserve credit, as well, for the character they displayed growing up in America's battered, beloved, hated, much chronicled almost-royal family.

Born 17 days after his father was elected, Kennedy had no memories of his own about his father or his father's funeral; he remembered the image of himself saluting, not the salute itself. After the assassination, Jacqueline Kennedy escaped with her children into the anonymity of Manhattan, moving into a five-bedroom apartment on Fifth Avenue overlooking Central Park. The

children traveled frequently with their mother, but 1040 Fifth would always be home. Kennedy attended a nearby school, St. David's, but he could be rowdy and difficult; in 1968, the year his uncle was assassinated, the third-grader was transferred to Collegiate, a private school for boys on Manhattan's West Side, where he developed friendships that would last the rest of his life. "I don't remember a time when he wasn't my friend," says record producer Billy Straus, who met Kennedy in third grade.

Kennedy was a distinctly average student, restless in class, giggling his leg nervously, rarely speaking. His mother told him not to worry about his poor spelling; his father's had been atrocious as well. As he grew up, however, the Kennedy wit began to assert itself. In seventh grade his class was assigned to write a short play, classmate Peter

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



Blauner remembers, and Kennedy wrote a play about being unable to write a play. "He was riffing about the various characters he'd tried to create," says Blauner, "from a ballet dancer to a deranged pretzel vendor in Central Park. It was really funny."

As he got older, Kennedy began taking the 79th Street crosstown bus to school, just like any kid might; he made sure to exit through the bus's front door, while the Secret Service agents who followed him everywhere used the rear one. And the agents were there when Kennedy, Straus and another friend went to their very first rock concert, Bob Dylan and the Band at Madison Square Garden.

In eighth grade, when the school held a father-son night, John's companion was Roosevelt Grier, the former football star who in 1968 had tackled Robert F. Kennedy's assassin, Sirhan Sirhan. But John would not

talk about his dead father and uncle; classmates recall only one history class in his Collegiate career when John mentioned the President. If you didn't know who he was, you'd take him for a typical '70s teenager, face obscured by a helmet of longish brown hair, heading to Central Park with his friends to throw a Frisbee or play with a pack of bandanna-wearing dogs. Sometimes he would lose his Secret Service detail, so he could head for the park and hang out freely with his friends; once after doing so, he was mugged. Eventually, his mother decided to send him to boarding school at Phillips Academy in Andover, Mass.

By then, he was already learning valuable lessons from his mother. By example, she taught him how to find and exploit zones of privacy, how to build an invisible barrier around himself when in public. It was a technique he might apply at the

Xenon disco, where he hung out in the late '70s: first, use personal radar to sense the approach of a stranger, then move subtly until your back is turned to the person—a way of saying "Please, leave me alone, please." But if someone breached the barrier anyway, John would then be unfailingly polite, using the Kennedy charm until he could break free. Just like Jackie.

Still not shining at academics, Kennedy had to repeat a grade at Andover, but when he graduated in 1979 he could attend any school he pleased. Instead of Harvard, he chose Brown University, in Providence, R.I., which was enjoying a popularity boom in part because it had no core-curriculum requirements. Kennedy was beginning to look more like his father and—the tabloid language is irresistible—much more like a hunk. He scarcely seemed to notice the attention he attracted from curious students,



JAMES CAGNEY: KEVIN MAZUR/GETTY IMAGES

FAMILY TIES
At a re-dedication of the Kennedy Presidential Library, with his family and Bill Clinton

PT-109 JR.
Kennedy romanced Bessette in a boat named for his father's famed WWII II gunboat

THE HUNK FACTOR
He felt a family burden to be more than a pretty face, but he didn't mind cameras



STEPHEN SANDERSON/OUTLINE

an internship during the summer between his sophomore and junior years at Brown. "He had never really been to Washington," says Van Dyk. "He didn't even know where the White House was." Jackie had made a conscious decision to shield him from the capital, and now that he was there, she would call every day to see how he was doing. He followed Van Dyk on fund-raising trips to California, and that's where he discovered something new: all the Hollywood types fawned over him. "I think that was first time he learned he was a celebrity," says Van Dyk.

Graduating in 1983, Kennedy did some traveling in India and moved back to Manhattan, getting involved in charitable work, doing the club and party scene, dating. He was frequently photographed by the tabloids, and he didn't seem to mind. There was even a touch of exhibitionism in the way he made his body available to the paparazzi. "He seemed to want the attention a bit," says Van Dyk. Kennedy dabbled in acting, but Jackie thought it an unserious, and thus unsuitable, career choice. When he and Christina Haag did a show together in 1985, he made sure to tell reporters, "It's just a hobby."

In 1986, in part to please Jackie, he enrolled in New York University's law school, completing his study in three years and—infamously—requiring three cracks at the bar exam before he passed.

But book smarts aren't the only kind: Kennedy had a highly developed emotional intelligence, a people. It was on display in his work as an assistant district attorney in the office of Manhattan D.A. Robert Morgenthau, where he showed great concern for the damaged people who came through the system. He confessed a few times to sympathizing with the defendants he was supposed to be putting away.

Celebrity chased him at Morgenthau's office as well. "The first few days he was in the office we had people approaching us saying that a picture of him at his desk would be worth \$10,000," says Michael Cherkasky, then the chief of the

Politics and Pop

WITH GEORGE, THE POLITICS- and-celebrity magazine he founded and had edited since 1995, John F. Kennedy Jr. channeled the public attention that was his inheritance into a field where attention is the major currency. David Pecker, the former president and CEO of Hachette Filipacchi, *George's* publisher, recalls that after the 1992 election, Kennedy "became fascinated with the convergence of politics and pop culture," which was the organizing principle of *George*. Sporting Cindy Crawford on its first cover, *George* sought to draw celebrity-mad readers to politics, if not always for the most serious reasons—for instance, it ran a beefcake photo of a strategically bared Kennedy in September 1997. *George* profiled entertainers; it gave bylines to headline-grabbing political figures like Alfonso D'Amato; it asked Claire Danes and Denis Leary what they would do if they were President. Yet it also hired noted journalists and essayists to write long, earnest pieces, like a recent report on the environmental legacy of the pork industry. Even the magazine's political writing, however, has tended to emphasize personality over issues. While *George* may have been correct in identifying politicians as celebrities, that trend was hardly a blessing for political discourse.

Though *George* built a circulation (lately around 400,000) much larger than that of more staid political journals, the magazine was losing money, and Kennedy had been negotiating *George's* fate with Hachette. Just last week an industry newsletter reported

that the magazine's owners were ready to shut it down. Kennedy told staff last week that he was negotiating with other potential publishers. But if *George's* future looks doubtful without Kennedy, it will at least be an important artifact for having bridged the

worlds of politics and celebrity—worlds that John F. Kennedy Jr. knew from both sides.

—By James Poniewozik.

With reporting by Andrea Sachs/New York



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

investigative-units division. "You would be in the elevator with John and have police officers ask him for his autograph." John worked on small cases at first—embezzlement, low-level corruption—before moving on: organized crime and racketeering, and eventually the street-crime trial division. He was an assiduous worker. "He was different, obviously—he lived in a different world that we didn't understand," Cherkasky says. "But his ability to be upbeat and prompt, to never ask for anything special or expect it, was a commentary on who he was and how he was raised." He argued six trials, and won convictions in all six.

His political strengths started showing up at the 1988 Democratic National Convention, where he introduced his uncle Ted and invoked his father's name. "So many of you came into public service because of him," he said in prime time. "In a very real sense, because of you, he is still with us." The boy who mentioned his dad exactly once in elementary school had come a long way.

But back home, Kennedy's heart wasn't in the D.A.'s office, and he was getting tired of faking it. In 1993, he left and began thinking about doing something big—another kind of public service, but one that would take a form he had grown all too familiar

with: magazine journalism. He and a friend, public relations man Michael Berman, talked about creating a political magazine that would be glossy and entertaining but also empowering—one that would inspire alienated people to get involved in politics, and help give them the tools to do so. The magazine would also treat politics as spectacle and cultural barometer.

Kennedy and Berman worked their way through the New York media circuit, exploiting the desire of media heavies to meet J.F.K. Jr., picking the brains of people who knew magazines. One of their sessions took place in the offices of Ed Kosner, then editor of *Esquire*. "It was very vague," Kosner says. "He asked a lot of questions. I couldn't tell from that conversation what the magazine was going to be about. He just came over to schmooze, and he was great at it."

As Kennedy and Berman honed their idea for the magazine, the French media company Hachette Filipacchi became keen to sign up Kennedy. But executives there had a different idea about what the magazine would be—none of that altruistic grassroots empowerment stuff, no hard edges at all, and lots of Kennedy. *George*, as the magazine was called, owed its early success to Hachette's great job of marketing its editor.

Kennedy was a natural at the road shows, the care and feeding of advertisers, but as editor he learned on the job, and that wasn't easy on anybody. He and Berman, the magazine's president, had lurid battles about its direction; and Kennedy's violent temper would break loose; sometimes he would chase Berman down the hall screaming. One time they locked themselves in Kennedy's office. Staff members heard banging sounds. When Berman emerged, one of his shirt sleeves was missing.

Kennedy could be affable and accessible, then capricious and enraged—all before lunch. "He was a little insensitive," says a former staff member. "It was his signature project, so he reserved the right to change anything around at the last minute." Bent on proving himself a serious person, he failed to take advice from more seasoned magazine people. "Sometimes he wouldn't see things that had the potential to make a very bad article." The product suffered, turnover was high, and ultimately the magazine ran into financial trouble.

But staff members there will never forget his flair as a manager. Kennedy often wore shorts and a baseball cap to work and brought his dog Friday to the office. He furnished his corner office, which was on the

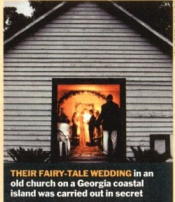
The Most Eligible Bachelor and His Bride

They loved, they fought, they sparkled, and the media couldn't look away

THE PRINCE OF CAMELOT HAD A STORY-book wedding. The site was Cumberland Island, a windswept retreat off the Georgia coast, overrun by wild horses. The chapel was a tiny wood-frame church lit only by candles and kerosene lamps. But most magical of all was the complete absence of members of the media, which had been skillfully kept in the dark about the wedding of the decade.

John F. Kennedy Jr. and Carolyn Bessette's ultra-secret wedding nearly three years ago was a rare moment of privacy in a relationship that had largely unfolded in the media glare. From the moment they met in 1994—by some reports, while walking in New York City's Central Park—they were the couple America couldn't stop talking about. The truth was, they made a riveting pair: the world's most eligible bachelor and the cool blond looker who finally got him to the altar.

John's wild oats had been tabloid fodder for years. He had been linked to Madonna and Julia Roberts and seriously dated actress Daryl Hannah. There had also been a string of less celebrated beauties, each of whom prompted a new round of is-she-the-one speculation in the gossip columns. Of course, Bessette had her



THEIR FAIRY-TALE WEDDING in an old church on a Georgia coastal island was carried out in secret

own illustrious past, which included Calvin Klein underwear model Michael Bergin; Alessandro Benetton, scion of the Italian fashion house; and a hockey star who went on to play for the Tampa Bay Lightning.

Bessette, 33, was raised in tiny Greenwich, Conn., by her mother, a public school administrator, and stepfather, an orthopedic surgeon. She had twin sisters, Lauren and Lisa, who were 18 months older. Lauren—who went down with Carolyn and John on the plane—was a Wharton School graduate and an investment banker at Morgan Stanley. Lauren Bessette spent five years in Hong Kong and handled deals across Asia. She was a star who was "stunningly beautiful and not afraid of being beautiful" in the male-dominated world of mergers and acquisitions, says former colleague Chip Arndt.

Carolyn Bessette attended Catholic high school in Greenwich, where she was voted "the ultimate beautiful person." She went on to Boston University, studying education and landing on the cover of a "Girls of B.U." calendar. After college, she worked for designer Calvin Klein as a publicist, and later as a coddler of high-end clients.

It was sometimes hard to get beyond Bessette's physical

same floor as the rest of the magazine, modestly. "It felt like a college newspaper," says the former staffer. "We were once on deadline, feverishly trying to get the magazine out, and he walked in and said, 'Let's go to the park and play touch football.' People were appalled, but they appreciated a gesture he made in the fall of 1996, when the staff was again putting an issue to bed. Kennedy decided they needed to unwind: he called the Yankees front office and procured 41 skybox passes to a World Series game. No one complained that time."

While Kennedy was making something of George, his personal life was undergoing enormous upheavals. In 1994, his mother

had succumbed to cancer, robbing him of the single most important person in his life. He issued a note-perfect statement to the press, grieved deeply and permanently, but got through it. It helped that he had fallen in love with Carolyn Bessette, an exquisitely sophisticated Calvin Klein public relations executive. As the relationship deepened and moved toward marriage, they realized that some serious press management was required. They leaked word that they were breaking up—and quietly made preparations for a secret wedding, with their 40 closest friends and family, on Cumberland Island, just off the Georgia coast. The tabloids rented boats and choppers and mounted invasions through a mangrove swamp, but they arrived too late to wreck the wedding. Jackie would have approved.

By then, Kennedy's dealings with the media had become deeply ritualized. "He was very nice to our reporters, extremely nice," says *National Enquirer* ed-

itor Steve Coz. "He always had a witty remark. We put in an offer that we'd love to do an at-home with him and Carolyn. His assistant called us back and said he told her to tell us he couldn't do the at-home that night because he and Carolyn were off to the fights."

Sometimes Kennedy would get on the phone himself to explain why he was turning down a request. Writer Michael Gross, who had reported on Kennedy for *New York* and *Esquire* magazines, talked with him about a book project in the fall of 1998. By way of declining, Kennedy brought up the impending 35th anniversary of his father's assassination. "There are tons of books coming out," he said, "some with the family's involvement, but it's just not me." He talked about George. "I find the magazine excruciating at times, when I have to participate in a personal way, but it's part of what I signed up for." And he said he understood why people were interested in him—he was getting pretty interested too. "Probably the present is more compelling than the past," he told Gross. "The beginning of life is just preparation." The preparation, he implied, was finally over. John Kennedy was all ready for the main act to begin.

—With reporting by John Cloud and Romesh Ratnesar/*New York* and James Carney/*Washington*



appearance: she was a reed thin, almost-6-ft. blond with striking good looks. (Legend has it she got her job with Calvin Klein's Boston shop when she was spotted walking down the street.) But friends say she was quick-witted, stylish and unusually self-possessed. "She is one of those mysterious creatures that understands, on some deep level, mystical femininity," Kennedy family friend John Perry Barlow told *New York* magazine.

The road to the altar was rocky. There were reports that Kennedy proposed only after Bessette became enraged over tabloid stories saying he had had an affair with actress Sharon Stone. In February 1996, Kennedy and Bessette were video-

taped in a very public lovers' quarrel in the middle of Central Park. At one point, Kennedy grabbed the engagement ring off her finger and sat down on a curb to cry. The tape was aired on a TV newsmagazine show. But by September it was ancient history, and he was declaring at his rehearsal dinner, "I am the happiest man alive."

The couple cut an elegantly hip figure in downtown Manhattan, living in a TriBeCa loft apartment and instantly becoming the center of attention wherever they turned up around town. Still, New York social observers delighted in pointing out that, although life seemed to have dealt her a pretty good hand, Bessette rarely looked happy. A gossip columnist, on seeing her at a party where she seemed in good spirits and demonstrably affectionate with her husband, said, "I had to do a double-take to make sure it was her."

Though she once made her living as a publicist, Bessette rarely spoke to the media. Kennedy implored reporters and photographers to leave his wife alone. At one point, he lashed out at photographers who continually followed the two of them when they walked their dog in their TriBeCa neighborhood. Bessette's reticence gave her an air of mystery, much like John's mother Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis. But it also led to a constant stream of conflicting rumors about the solidity of her marriage. The tabloids were on "baby watch," with occasional rumors that she was pregnant. Yet as recently as May, Kennedy said it wasn't so.

One source of tension between the two was Kennedy's love of flying. He told friends not long ago that he was having a good time going up in his plane but was having trouble getting his wife to come along. As Bessette smiled a tight smile, he added, "She doesn't like me to fly." Bessette may have landed the world's most eligible bachelor, but she wasn't able to ground him. ■

Peggy Noonan

Grace Under the Glare

WE KEEP SAYING GOODBYE TO BIG PIECES OF THE CENTURY, and this last is just too sad and unjust. What would have become of that unfinished life? What would have come of that promise?

Let me tell you what it was like to see him. I was in a restaurant last Thursday in Manhattan with a small group of friends who were catching up and arguing politics. Suddenly some invisible shift happened, some peripheral force entered the room—a tall man in sunglasses hobbling toward a back table. He moved briskly, as if he hoped no one would notice.

"There's J.F.K. Jr.," said one of the women at the table.

We watched, and I looked around to watch the people watching. The place had gone quieter, and a man stopped, fork in midair, as he passed.

I thought, What a star, a natural star. I thought I was looking at the kind of beauty that movie stars want and are supposed to have but don't. A face just old enough to be interesting and young enough to be perfect, with the kind of many features that make you think of the handsome man in a 1950s magazine ad. Thick, shiny black hair, a slim muscular body on which his dark suit draped in soft folds. Afterward, I wondered if it was something like what Scott Fitzgerald saw when he remembered the college football stars of his young manhood, those young men who just then, on the gridiron and in their youth, were having the best moment of their lives.

He was on crutches because he'd recently broken or sprained his ankle. And as we all walked away, a friend of his said to me, "Maurice worries about him flying that plane." Maurice Templesman, Jackie Onassis' longtime friend. "He's afraid John is too..." She couldn't think of the word, but it was something like distracted, scattered.

And now it's Saturday morning, and I'm thinking of the crutches and the hobbling and wondering if he was, as is reported, piloting the plane, and if he could maneuver the rudder pedals. If he could do what he thought he could do because he knew how to do it, and was confident, and wasn't concerned.

You'd think he would be, coming from the family he comes from. You'd think he'd be always concerned about safety and luck and fate. But maybe when you were J.F.K. Jr., so surrounded by tragedy, with a life so shaped by it, maybe you thought, "We've had our share. We've had more than our share. I'm going to get in a plane and fly." You can come from a place of such bad luck that you think your luck will always hold.

His father lived a life of meaning and drama, a heroic life that spanned less than 50 years and yet encompassed war and political tumult and the great ideological struggles of the day. J.F.K. Jr.'s life spanned 39 years—only seven fewer than his father's—and encompassed no such dramas as war and wrenching political struggle. His dramas were personal, not historic, but then so much more was expected of him. Wouldn't he live a giant life too? What kind of man will King Arthur's son be?

He knew about the expectations, and one supposes they were the central trauma of his life. He seemed to hobble through the search for a while—actor, lawyer, person in politics. And then: editor. Of a magazine on politics. But one that treated politics as entertainment. As if he were detaching himself from the heaviness of political struggles, and the tragedies they can bring.

Now it will be a mystery, what he would have become with a good long life. His friends say he was modest, deeply courteous—very much his mother's son—and intelligent, and funny. People liked him, he had good stuff in there, not only beauty and good genes. The few times I saw him refer to politics in an interview, he did it with what seemed a natural humility. He didn't seem to think he ought to be harrumphing from the floor of the House about what we're doing wrong as a people, or right. If you didn't know him, you wondered whether life had been too strange and soft to mold him into a harder person, one who could move into the world with force and meaning, marshaling all the things he had to make a difference. But that takes time. You wonder what he would have done if he had got it.

He was born with the burden of fame, but he handled it with patience and humor, and more. Ben Bradlee wrote a book about President Kennedy after he died, and it was called *That Special Grace*. J.F.K. Jr. had it too, though history didn't give him wars and great movements in which to show it.

But he showed it anyway. Not so long ago, the day his mother was buried, after the prayers and the graveside service at Arlington, when everyone was starting to leave, young John Kennedy stepped up to the casket of his mother and the gravestone of his father. He leaned forward and stretched toward them and put his hand upon each with a touch that was more like a kiss. It was an act of great physical grace, and love, and maybe it was done in part on behalf of a country that felt as he did—a generous gesture like the one 30 years before when a little boy made a salute. ■



AT HIS MOTHER'S COFFIN He was our national survivor, the one who would always keep the flame




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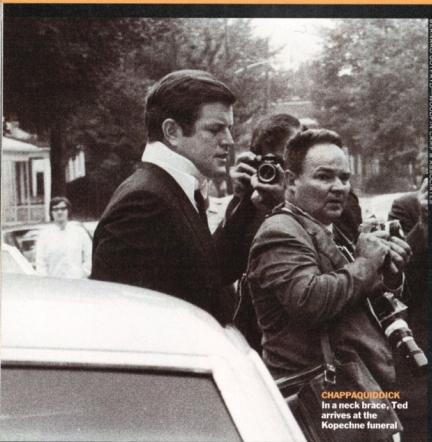
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JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



RENNARD GOTTARD—WOODFIN CAMP & ASSOCIATES

CHAPPAQUIDDICK
In a neck brace, Ted
arrives at the
Koepchne funeral



FORTUNE AND MI

By **RICHARD LACAYO**

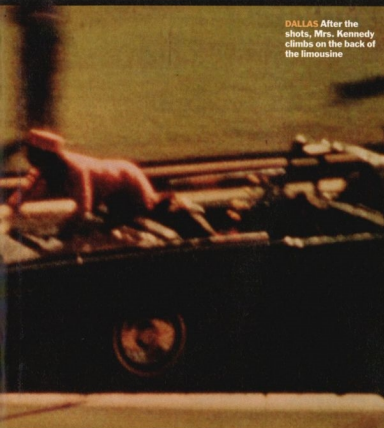
THE FIRST TIME JOHN KENNEDY JR. registered in the national imagination, he was at the side of a coffin. On his third birthday, holding a flag and saluting his murdered father, he was already mastering the Kennedy protocol of premature farewells, the leave-takings that are nearly as much a family tradition as touch football and big weddings. The assassination of J.F.K. seemed to many people the terrible culmination of a Kennedy-family saga that began in the ambitions of father Joe. It turned out instead to be just the most spectacular episode in a family history littered with misfortunes: plane crash-

es and assassinations, overturned cars and drug overdoses, death by gun and death over water.

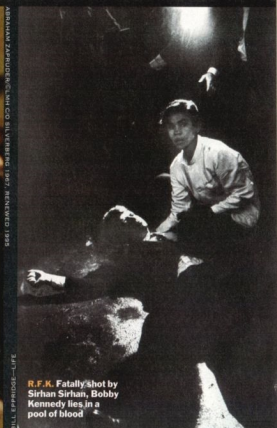
Some of these tragedies came unbidden, like the assassinations and the plane crashes. Some were partly self-inflicted, like the drowning of Mary Jo Koepchne at Chappaquiddick, which happened 30 years almost to the day that J.F.K. Jr.'s plane went down in waters not far from there. Taken together, they make a chain of mishaps that has shadowed the Kennedy name for more than a half-century. But when John and Robert Kennedy were assassinated, their death seemed, if nothing else, at least commensurate with the drama and weight of their public life. When their children die prematurely, it can seem almost as

if fate were picking them off for sport.

The mystique of the Kennedy curse is such that even one of the clan's own members, Chris Lawford, the son of Peter Lawford and Pat Kennedy, could say once, "The Kennedy story is really about karma, about people who broke the rules and were ultimately broken by them." The story begins with the son of a Boston saloonkeeper, Joseph P. Kennedy, the founding father who became chairman of the Securities and Exchange Commission and ambassador to Britain. By 1957, he had also assembled a \$100 million fortune, some of it in ways that were not entirely wholesome, including bootlegging during Prohibition. But his ambitions went much further than mere wealth. At his 25th Harvard reunion,



DALLAS After the shots, Mrs. Kennedy climbs on the back of the limousine



R.F.K. Fatally shot by Sirhan Sirhan, Bobby Kennedy lies in a pool of blood

SFORTUNE

Through fate, folly or the evil of others, the Kennedys have become the first family of pain

he described his occupation as "public affairs," and to that end he single-mindedly directed the destiny of his four sons.

Joe's first choice to accomplish the family's ascent to real power was his eldest, Joe Jr. When Jack Kennedy made the papers for his exploits as skipper of *PT-109*, the father sent the press clippings to Joe Jr., then a 29-year-old naval air lieutenant, to provoke him into getting started on his own heroic legend. It worked all too well. In the summer of 1944, Joe Jr. volunteered to fly a plane loaded with explosives into a Nazi missile site. The plan was for him to bail out before the plane struck its target. Instead he was killed when the plane exploded prematurely over the English Channel. It was later discovered that the missile

sites Joe Jr. was supposed to destroy had been abandoned by the Germans some time before his flight.

The senior Joe Kennedy had already in effect lost his eldest daughter Rosemary, who was mentally disabled. Kennedy biographers still argue over how serious her disabilities were. But in 1941, without consulting his wife Rose, Joe decided to subject Rosemary to a prefrontal lobotomy that left her deeply retarded. Rosemary, now 80, has been institutionalized ever since. In 1945 another daughter, Kathleen, died in a plane crash over France after her companion urged their pilot to fly through bad weather.

But it was Joe Jr.'s death that unnerved the elder Kennedy most completely. Not

long after the disaster, the family received a letter that their son had posted just before he died. Rose Kennedy later recalled that "Joe simply threw the letter on the table and collapsed in his chair with his head in his hand, saying over and over that nothing would ever be the same again."

It would never be the same either for Jack, who inherited the burden of his father's ambitions and bore them to Congress, then to the White House and finally to Dallas. J.F.K. once said that "just as I went into politics when Joe died, if anything happened to me tomorrow, my brother Bobby would run for my seat. And if anything happened to him, my brother Teddy would run for us." After the assassination, however, R.F.K. entered a long and

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999



KATHLEEN Dead at 28 in a plane crash in bad weather over France



JOE JR. Groomed for power, he died young in wartime

TIM DILLON—USA TODAY/STYMA

DAVID Kennedy men carry the coffin of Bobby's son, dead at 28 from drugs



deep depression. "Without Ethel," a friend once said, "Bobby might well have gone off the deep end." He found some solace in Sophocles and Aeschylus, but it was only in March 1965, when he scaled Mount Kennedy, the 13,900-ft. Yukon peak, that he was able to overcome his own darkness.

And when Bobby was shot, it was Ted who seemed to go numb. A Kennedy aide recalled Ted in Bobby's hospital bathroom, "leaning over the washbasin, his hands clutching the sides, his head bowed... I never expect, for the rest of my life, to see more agony on anyone's face." Ted had already grown weary of politics and was emotionally spent. He confided to a friend that what he really wanted was to set sail around the Caribbean with his family and enjoy life, a fantasy Jack used to have. Close friends started to question his emotional state, watching his mood swings and his distracted conversations. More and more people began talking about his drink-

ing habits, predicting that his love of the fast life would end badly.

BY THE TIME HE HAD TO BURY BOBBY, in June 1968, the 79-year-old Joe Sr. was so distraught that he did not go to the funeral. If he was able to transfer his hopes to Ted, it was not for long. The next summer brought Chappaquiddick, which seemed to doom Ted's chance for the White House. When Ted told his father about it, the ailing old man, already made speechless by a stroke, simply dropped his head to his chest. By November of that year, he was dead.

But if there really is a Kennedy curse, by now it may be nothing more complicated than the burden of growing up under the weight of the family legend. The third generation of Kennedys once included 29 cousins. Like his sister Caroline, John Jr. managed to carry his celebrity lightly, acknowledging the claims of his ancestry

without being burdened by them. He even went to Brown University to avoid the mythic baggage of being a Kennedy at Harvard. And many of the Kennedy cousins inherited the public-spiritedness of their parents' generation. Bobby's daughter Kathleen Kennedy Townsend is Maryland's Lieutenant Governor. Ted's son Patrick is a Congressman from Rhode Island.

But quite a few of them also inherited a sense of entitlement that edged into recklessness and worse. They played daredevil games with one another and other people that led to tragedies like the 1973 accident in which Joe Kennedy III, Bobby's eldest son, overturned a Jeep, leaving one of his passengers, a young woman, paralyzed for life. They sauntered into episodes like William Kennedy Smith's night on the town with his Uncle Ted, which ended with the encounter that left Smith accused (and ultimately acquitted) of rape.

Bobby's children grew up fatherless, and some of them grew up fast and hard.



MICHAEL After the baby-sitter scandal, Bobby's son died on a ski slope at 39

GARRETT LARSON

His second son, Robert Jr., ran into drug problems early and was arrested for heroin possession in 1983, just a few weeks after he finally passed the bar exam. He was given two years of probation and ordered to spend time in community service. Bobby Jr., now a much respected environmental lawyer and activist, put the problem behind him. His younger brother David was not so lucky. For days after his father was murdered, David, who was 12 at the time, did not speak a word. Later he complained that no one in his family would talk to him about his father's death.

By his teens, David was struggling with a drug problem. His brother Robert Jr. gave him his first tab of mescaline at 13, and 10 years later he was mugged in a sleazy Harlem hotel that was known as a drug supermarket and shooting gallery. It was David's girlfriend Pam who was paralyzed in his brother's Jeep accident. Although the family repeatedly sent David to rehab, in 1984 he died of an overdose of co-

caine, Demerol and Mellaril in a hotel room near the Kennedy compound in Palm Beach, Fla.

Michael, Bobby's fourth son, was 10 when his father died. For most of his life, if he turned up in the news at all, it was for work such as heading a nonprofit company that provided heating oil to homeless shelters in Boston or for his marriage to Victoria Gifford, the daughter of the sportscaster and football hero Frank Gifford. Michael didn't make real headlines until 1997, when he was accused of having conducted a five-year affair with a girl who baby-sat for his three children. The girl was 14 when the affair began.

Soon after Kennedy and his wife separated, in 1997, the *Boston Globe* reported that Victoria had found Michael in bed with the girl two years earlier. He had claimed then that heavy drinking was at the root of it all and entered rehab, but sobriety didn't improve his judgment much.

The relationship continued until the girl left for college. When the story broke, Michael resigned as campaign chairman for the gubernatorial bid that his brother Joe had planned; a few months later, Joe announced that he was leaving the race. But something worse than humiliation was in store. On New Year's Eve 1997, while playing football on skis with his cousins on the slopes of Aspen, Colo., Michael was killed when he struck a fir tree head on. He was 39.

It was Michael's sister Rory who cradled his head as he lay dying that night, crying, "Stay with us, Michael!" and trying vainly to save him with mouth-to-mouth resuscitation while his children cried and prayed by his side. And it was Rory, 30, a documentary filmmaker, whose wedding John Jr. and his wife were headed for when their plane went down. Big weddings are part of the Kennedy-family tradition. And as she would know, so are untimely goodbyes. ■

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

JFK JR.'S FAMILY

GREAT-GRANDFATHER

John Francis ("Honey Fitz") Fitzgerald
1863-1950

Tenement born, he became Boston's mayor, and sang from a tabletop at grandson Jack's Senate election



GRANDPARENTS



Rose Fitzgerald Kennedy
1890-1995

Honey Fitz's favorite daughter became Queen Mother of Camelot despite sorrow both public and private

Joseph Patrick Kennedy
1855-1969

Financier, runner and ambassador. His fortune was huge, but not as great as his dynastic vision



Joseph Patrick Kennedy Jr.
1915-1944

The family's first great hope became its first modern martyr. His plane exploded on a WWII bombing run



Rosemary Kennedy
1918-present

She was born mildly disabled, but a lobotomy arranged by her father left her profoundly retarded



Kathleen Kennedy Cavendish
1920-1948

Widowed but in love, she died with her intended in a small plane

Emilia's children (5)



Robert Sargent Shriver III

1954-present
Film, record and TV producer; raises money for Special Olympics



Maria Owings Shriver

1955-present
Married to Arnold Schwarzenegger. Correspondent for NBC



Timothy Perry Shriver

1959-present
Married with four children. Director of Special Olympics



Mark Kennedy Shriver

1964-present
Married with one child. Maryland state legislator



Anthony Paul Kennedy Shriver

1965-present
Activist for the mentally retarded

Red type indicates family members who have died under tragic circumstances

Patricia's children (4)



Christopher Kennedy Lawford

1955-present
Lawyer, actor and film producer



Sydney Maleia Lawford

1956-present
Worked as a model, now home raising four children



Victoria Francis Lawford

1958-present
Lives in Washington with her husband and three children



Robin Elizabeth Lawford

1961-present
A marine biologist who lives in New York City



Kathleen Hartington Kennedy

1951-present
Lieutenant Governor of Maryland. Four children



Joseph Patrick Kennedy II

1952-present
Former U.S. Representative from Massachusetts. Two children



Robert Francis Kennedy Jr.

1954-present
Environmental attorney and author. Five children



David Anthony Kennedy

1955-1984
Died of a drug overdose in a Palm Beach, Fla., hotel

Robert's children (11)

PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIPA (21); LIAISON (4); HULTON GETTY (3); CORBIS-SYGMA (4); BRIAN QUIGLEY (2); PLATZER IMAGER (11); WIDE WORLD (3); IMAGER (11); REUTERS (11)

TREE

Over four brief generations, a clan prepared itself for greatness, achieved it, and lived with its legacy—all the while experiencing extremes of personal triumph and tragedy

AUNTS AND UNCLES



Eunice Kennedy Shriver
1921-present
A keen mind, she married Sargent Shriver and propelled the Special Olympics



Patricia Kennedy Lawford
1924-present
Her wedding to actor Peter was a spectacle requiring police barricades, but they divorced in 1966



Robert Francis Kennedy
1925-1968
Idealistic, ruthless, doomed. His own family with Ethel has recapitulated the family pattern of service and loss



Jean Ann Kennedy Smith
1925-present
Husband Stephen managed R.F.K.'s campaigns, then Kennedy charities. She served as envoy to Ireland



Edward Moore Kennedy
1932-present
His generation's great survivor. Twice-married liberal hero is father to a Congressman

PARENTS



John Fitzgerald Kennedy
1917-1963
A doting father, he left two children, ages five and three. John Jr. remembered him only vaguely

Jacqueline Bouvier Kennedy Onassis
1929-1994
Twice widowed, she was John Jr.'s confidant. A second son died at two days

COUSINS



Mary Courtney Kennedy
1936-present
Human-rights activist. Married with one child



Michael LeMoine Kennedy
1955-1997
Died playing ski-football on the slopes of Aspen, Colo.



Mary Kerry Kennedy
1959-present
Attorney and human-rights activist. Married to Andrew Cuomo



Christopher George Kennedy
1963-present
Helps run the family-owned Merchandise Mart in Chicago



Matthew Maxwell Taylor Kennedy
1965-present
Former Philadelphia prosecutor



Douglas Harriman Kennedy
1967-present
Journalist with Fox's cable-television news division



Rory Elizabeth Katherine Kennedy
1965-present
Documentary filmmaker in N.Y.C.

Jean's children (4)

Edward's children (3)



Stephen Edward Smith Jr.
1957-present
Works for a conflict-resolution and negotiation group



William Kennedy Smith
1960-present
Acquitted of rape charges in 1991. Now a doctor in Chicago



Amanda Mary Smith
1967-present
Working on a biography of her grandfather



Kym Maria Smith
1972-present
Married in 1995 and now lives in New York



Kara Anne Kennedy
1960-present
Married with two children. Former director of program for disabled



Edward Moore Kennedy Jr.
1961-present
Attorney; advocate for the disabled. Married with two children



Patrick Joseph Kennedy
1967-present
U.S. Representative from Rhode Island

SISTER



Caroline Kennedy Schlossberg
1957-present
Law-school grad and mother, she alone is left of Camelot's family

JOHN AND CAROLYN

John Fitzgerald Kennedy Jr.
1960-1999
Not obviously a political heir; simply a man at ease with his extraordinary place in the world

Carolyn Bessette Kennedy
1966-1999
Her elegance recalled Jackie's, and she and her husband seemed embarked on a wonderful life



JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

In Private and in Pu

A photo album of the clan whose lives projected America's longings



KENNEDY—CORBIS SYGMA



KATHLEEN, GETTY—LAMBSON AGENCY



SONS AND WARRIORS

THE AMBASSADOR AND HIS WIFE Left, Joseph Sr., who was U.S. representative at the Court of St. James's from 1937 to 1940, and Rose in London

COURT DATE Top, Rose, between daughters Kathleen and Rosemary, prepares to meet British royalty in 1938

THE CLAN Joe Sr., below, boasted, "Long before it ever became a slogan, my family had togetherness"



KENNEDY—SYGMA



blic

onto a huge screen



K. and elder brother Joe Jr. in World War II

JACQUES LONIE—WOODFIN CAMP



PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



LISA LAMBERT—LIFE



JOE PERINO—LIFE

THE GOLDEN COUPLE Jack and Jackie at their wedding in Newport, R.I., in 1953. The bride dazzled even the Kennedys

A NEW GENERATION Bobby and Ethel, top, horsing around with their kids. They would eventually have 11 children

SAILING FREE J.F.K. with his fiancée in 1953; Jackie, who loved outdoor activity (except football), was an excellent equestrian

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

BILL EPPHROUSE—LIFE



RUN, BOBBY, RUN R.F.K. on the Oregon shore in 1968

PAUL SCHUTZER—LIFE



ONE BRIGHT SHINING MOMENT With Jacqueline gazing admiringly at him, John F. Kennedy waves to the crowd during his 1961 Inaugural Ball

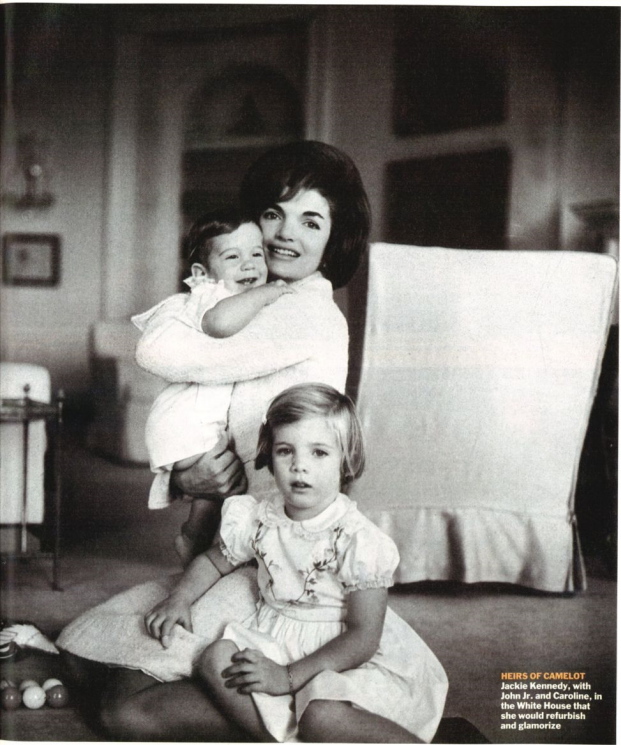
IN HYANNIS PORT Conversing with Caroline as John Jr. leads the way, the President, below, escorts his children to a local candy store in 1963

CORBIS—SYGMA



MARK SHAW—PHOTO RESEARCHERS





HEIRS OF CAMELOT
Jackie Kennedy, with
John Jr. and Caroline, in
the White House that
she would refurbish
and glamorize

JOHN FITZGERALD KENNEDY JR. 1960-1999

BOB CONNEL—LIFE



FUNERAL MASS John Jr., 8, (in tie) mourning his uncle Robert

CORBIS—SYGMA



CAMPAIGN COUSINS John Jr. joined Michael, who would die in a 1997 ski accident, and Joe in the latter's 1996 congressional bid

COMPETITIVE FIRE John Jr., right, joins friends and family in a rugby match during a Hyannis Port vacation in 1997

THE ONCE AND FUTURE DYNASTY The clan gathers in Nantucket, Mass., for the 1998 wedding of Robert's son Douglas

GREG GIBSON—AP



THE LAST BROTHER Ted Kennedy, in blue shirt, with his son Patrick, right, and President Clinton in 1997





PAUL ADAMS—CORBIS SYGMA



PAUL ADAMS—CORBIS SYGMA

Arthur Schlesinger Jr.

Brought Up to Be a Good Man

HOW FAR MIGHT HE HAVE GONE? THERE HAS ALWAYS been a tendency to see John F. Kennedy Jr. as John-John, the sobriquet the press bestowed on him when he was a little boy in the White House. Those bewitched by the John-John idea saw the grown man as a frivolous young fellow floating carelessly on the pleasures of life. In fact, J.F.K. Jr. detested the nickname and was not a man fulfilled by pleasure-floating. But he cherished his privacy and disdained defensive self-publicity.

Jacqueline Kennedy was a wonderful single mother. She was determined to maintain her children's privacy in order to make their lives as normal as possible. They were brought up unspoiled, modest, hardworking, well-mannered, friendly to their contemporaries, courteous to their elders. And they had on their own an abundance of vitality, charm and good looks.

Educated in private schools, young John Kennedy went on to Brown, where he seemed to contemplate a career on the stage, and then, changing course, to New York University Law School. He worked for Robert Morgenthau in the district attorney's office, had trouble passing his bar examination, frequented downtown night spots and figured in gossip columns. He was a magically handsome young man, irresistible to women—"the hunk," the press called him. People dismissed him as a charming lightweight.

This was his protective pose. Underneath he was an earnest fellow with a high sense of legacy and responsibility. In any case, the Kennedys have always been late bloomers. I once ran into him on the shuttle to Washington. He was going to a meeting at the White House on the problem of access to higher education for boys and girls from the slums. He talked about this with surprising knowledge and enthusiasm.

I had not heard anything previously about his interest in such matters. I learned later that he also headed Reaching Up, an organization dedicated to helping hospital orderlies, nursing aides and others. He was genuinely concerned about the young, the disabled and the homeless. His instinct was to do good by stealth, lest people think he was doing good for publicity.

He grew to be an impressive young man—intelligent, articulate, judicious, persuasive, well defined but never full of himself, exceptionally attractive. He invented *George* as the *Vanity Fair* formula applied to politics, and he steered the magazine in a resolutely nonpartisan course. He loved the editorial work, loved conducting interviews with everyone from Fidel Castro to George Wallace, loved the variety and eccentricity of American politics. He was not a front man but pa-

trolled every aspect of the job. His staff admired and adored him. But one felt it was a transitional stage for him.

He seemed to be edging into politics. His father had begun as a journalist; it is not a bad introduction to the American political labyrinth. J.F.K. Jr. cared too much about the state of the nation, especially about the increasing disparities of wealth and opportunity in American life, to live out his life as a spectator. He was a cautious man, methodically feeling his way, but I think he sensed an evident opportunity and acknowledged a dynastic responsibility. He was destined, I came to feel, for political leadership.

Stoical about scandalmongering books about his family and gossip-column misinformation about himself, he was as determined as his mother to protect his personal privacy. That is why he took up flying. When he traveled on commercial

aircraft, fellow passengers would ask questions, seek autographs, exchange memories. He understood that they were people of goodwill, and he could not bear to be impolite, but the benign interest of others was a burden. Once he got his flying license, he seemed a liberated man, free to travel as he wished without superfluous demands on time and energy. Nor was he a reckless pilot. The mystery of his death remains.

It is one more stab at the heart of America. There is an echo of Greek tragedy about the succession of blows striking a single American family.

So many Kennedys have been cruelly cut off before they had fulfilled themselves—Joe Jr., my Harvard classmate, killed in the war; John and Robert, cherished friends, assassinated; two of Robert's sons dead; now John's son, the golden boy.

The night that John Kennedy died, a friend took Robert Kennedy to his bedroom. "God, it's so awful," Robert said. "Everything was really beginning to run so well." He seemed under control. The friend closed the door, then heard Bob break down and cry, "Why, God?"

Was there no sense, no purpose, to the universe? Later R.F.K. scrawled on a yellow sheet, "The innocent suffer—how can that be possible and God be just?" He found solace in Aeschylus, memorizing the lines from the *Agamemnon* that he would use when Martin Luther King Jr. was killed: "He who learns must suffer. And even in our sleep pain that cannot forget falls drop by drop upon the heart, and in our own despair, against our will, comes wisdom to us by the awful grace of God."

For the Kennedys, faith comes as the ultimate solace. As President Kennedy once told a press conference, "Life is unfair."



HELPING HAND Kennedy at a skating party in 1985 for the R.F.K. Bedford-Stuyvesant Restoration Project in New York City

Margaret Carlson

And Then There Was One



PHOTOGRAPH BY JAMES

THEY WERE SO CLOSE, CAROLINE and her brother John. When Caroline got married, John gave the first toast: "All my life there has just been the three of us—Mommy, Caroline and I..."

And now there is only one again of that trio that faced a life so peculiar that only they could understand one another. "They rarely made a decision without checking with the other," said a board member of Har-

vard's Kennedy School. Jackie sheltered them from the garish glare. "I don't want my children to live here anymore," she said in anguish after Bobby's assassination, fearing America's violence. She was also wary of the immense pull of the hyperactive clan and the demons that came with it. Historian Doris Kearns Goodwin told Jackie at Caroline's wedding how striking the closeness between her two children was, and Jackie said, "It's the best thing I've ever done."

They were the matron of honor and best man at each other's weddings, a pillar in each other's lives and that of the country, dividing the labor of carrying on their father's legacy: Caroline taking the library, John the Kennedy School. But as close as they were, they were also very different. If John was an Adonis, she was pretty in that Irish way, all teeth and wavy hair and good healthy vigor. They both worried about how to have a meaningful life in a fishbowl, but John would lead a life that required he bat away the paparazzi while Caroline would have a life in which she could walk her children to school and answer her own phone. She would even intellectualize the quest for privacy in a book on the First Amendment, *In Our Defense*. While John had an effervescent star quality, a glamour about him and his stylish wife, Caroline was incandescent, without a trace of glitz, but glowing from within. She was entirely free of the resentment that attaches to the famous. She never took its perks or used its privileges except in service of the family. After John's smashing performance at the Democratic Convention in 1988, she was asked to serve as chairwoman of the convention in 1992, and she spurned the offer few would have turned down. She more purely embodied her mother's passions: not politics, which was passing, but arts and culture, which were lasting.

If it was hard to be the son of J.F.K., imagine how hard it is to be the daughter of the valiant widow. Caroline had some

of the remote, mysterious quality of her mother. When I met her for the first time, I expected to hear that whisper, see a will-o'-the-wisp, but found instead someone with a firm voice, incredibly self-possessed and with a day-to-dayness about her. You could picture that she could make her way in Manhattan, hailing taxis and going to the movies and taking her children for ice cream in Central Park without causing a fuss.

Caroline seemed to subsume her mother, taking up her passions of horse riding and ballet and books. Jackie wanted her children to be serious. She had the historians and intellectuals to dinner, not the crowd from Mortimer's. Barbara Gibson, Rose Kennedy's secretary, remembers Caroline as preternaturally poised and calm. "Caroline was the most trustworthy. I would lend her my car."

Caroline was a good student, attending the Concord Academy, Radcliffe and Columbia University law school. She landed a job at the Metropolitan Museum of Art, which her

mother loved and lived across the street from. She rented an apartment on the West Side with three roommates. She partied ever so lightly and dated a writer for two years before meeting an older man, Edwin Schlossberg, an eclectically brilliant polymorph, an author and museum designer, whom her mother adored. Schlossberg was 13 years older than Caroline, almost the same age difference between Jack and Jackie. She had as private a wedding as a Kennedy could have, registering her Luneville Old Strasbourg china (\$50 for a five-piece setting) at Bloomingdale's, marrying at a small Catholic church on the Cape, her cousin Maria Shriver as her matron of honor.

"The best way to get John to do something," said a Kennedy staff member, "was to get Caroline to ask him." At one of their last appearances together, a dinner at the Kennedy Library for J.F.K.'s birthday, a library patron was struck by how happy the two children and their spouses were taking up where Jackie left off. "At the end of dinner, Carolyn was sitting on John's lap. And there were Ed and Caroline, leaning into each other, catching each other's eyes."

As much as Caroline loved her aunts and uncles and cousins, she had chosen last weekend to go rafting out West with her husband and three children. It's hard to picture her bucking herself up in the Kennedy way, throwing herself into games of touch football, sailing off the Cape. She will instead fall back on what her mother so carefully passed along—her normalcy and wholeness—and something her mother never thought she would have needed: the strength to bury someone you love way too soon.



BIG SISTER Caroline kissing baby John, above left, and attending a gala in May

Hugh Sidey

The Boy We Called John-John

HE WAS OUR CHILD, our little boy, flitting in and out of camera range around the White House when his dad was President. He did grow up and become that elegant New York City editor, John F. Kennedy Jr., the clan's flag bearer of what was good and glamorous. But I never could get over the memories around the White House.

The world, of course, remembered him as the three-year-old standing in front of his father's coffin after the services in St. Matthew's Cathedral in Washington and lifting his chubby arm in salute. He knew, but maybe he did not know. Millions never forgot.

Before that, he tugged at his mother's pearls when she held him and squirmed in his father's lap when the President, who could not lift the boy because of his bad back, could corral him for a few seconds.

There were times when walking by the Oval Office, I would see John-John hopping around on the carpet with his sister Caroline, his father clapping or laughing at the display. He came by the presidential desk on Halloween as "Peter Panda," and J.F.K. broke up with laughter at the spook.

The special quality about young John Kennedy then may



PULLER OF PEARLS The White House was his very own playground, and his delighted romps with his parents made it ours as well

have been simply that he was so normal, so much like our own kids, allowed a childhood because of the insistence of his mother Jackie Kennedy and in spite of the formidable environs of the presidential mansion.

When he could navigate to the Oval Office on his own two energetic legs, John-John discovered the candy dish on the desk of Evelyn Lincoln, the President's secretary. She recounted to me with great glee how the President tried to enforce the rule of one piece of candy per visit. The rule never worked.

The Kennedys have lived their lives on a vast public stage where children run and tussle and accomplished grownups gather for strenuous rituals of work and play amid the gaiety and laughter. And then death steps in to stop the proceedings, again and again. There seems to be no respite in this horrible ritual.

John Jr.'s death will only heighten the memories of the Kennedy years in the presidency, the core of the legend, years when the cold war was at its most intense and there was danger in the world, years when bright young men and women flocked to Washington to take part in the New Frontier. I remember Dallas, but I still don't begin to comprehend it. I heard the shots from the motorcade and then wandered on the lawn



LIFE WITH FATHER Playing with a fond J.F.K. in the Oval Office as the most powerful man in the world watches his son emerge from under the desk

of Parkland Hospital throughout that afternoon as the bulletins confirmed the death of a President. So much had ended. A President had been assassinated, an Administration was finished, a family had been decimated and a friend of mine had died. But when all was said and done in those sad days, the focus fell on the family and the question of how it would fare in a world grown worshipful—and brutally curious.

Jackie and Caroline and John went off to live their lives in the shadowed wings of the great stage, but Bobby Kennedy and his brother Ted stayed in the center. The Kennedy clan marched on, and I watched as Bobby, the new Senator from New York, healed one more time from family tragedy and with mounting enthusiasm pointed himself toward the White House.

I was awakened by a phone call early one morning in 1968, and a friend in the White House told me that Bobby had been shot. We plunged back into that abyss of mourning not only for a life lost and a family devastated again, but for a promise never fulfilled in our national life.

And now John. He was not a figure of power like his father, somebody to be hated because of his political persuasion. Nor did he have that reckless streak in him that Bobby had, which compelled the uncle to fly through hailstorms for political appointments or dive into dangerous seas to get ashore faster. He was John-John, a normal kid turned young man turned adult who was sensible and kind and concerned, but burdened with the great Kennedy legend and the world with its

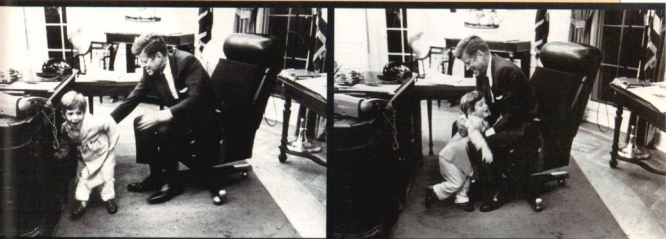


DESTINY'S CHILD John-John discovers a secret passage into his father's arms—and the nation's heart

nose pressed against his windows.

There will always be the warm memories. I was in the Oval Office one day back then, and when I walked up to the President's desk I heard giggling and thumping underneath. John-John was in what he called his cave. Once when he peeked out and White House photographers got the picture, there was another image that traveled around the world: the reduction of great power to its simplest ingredient, a tiny boy exploring his world from the ground up.

Though we did not always see the pictures of John-John that were taken backstage by Captain Cecil Stoughton, the official White House photographer, we heard the stories of the young ham. When he lost a front tooth, he proudly looked up at Stoughton to show the great gap. Indeed, Stoughton and John-John became buddies of a sort. The photographer knew a good subject when he saw one and realized that someday history would treasure those images. John-John liked the captain's company, so much so that often when he saw Stoughton he would squeal, "Take my picture Taptain Toughton." And once when Stoughton had snapped a frame of John-John playing with a rabbit, he asked if the boy would take a picture of him with the rabbit. John-John took the camera with relish and clicked the shutter like a pro. In Stoughton's book *The Memories*, that one is the only photograph that the captain did not take. It is now another fragment of the profound Kennedy story of promise and fun and unfathomable sadness. ■



The First Family's antics enchanted a nation that was not used to seeing rich displays of parental affection in the highest office in the land

POLITICAL

In taking on HMOs, the Senate

By MATTHEW MILLER

ANYONE WHO WATCHED SENATE Democrats wax hysterical over managed care's evils while Republicans passed their milder version of HMO reform last week can be forgiven for not knowing two essential facts. First, 97% of treatment decisions by doctors are okayed by managed-care plans, one study shows. So those grisly stories repeated from the Senate floor—the woman who didn't get the catheterization and died—are true exceptions. Next, about 40 states already give patients some of the protections Democrats sought in their broader "bill of rights." The disingenuousness was bipartisan, of course. The Republicans, who had gleefully foiled President Clinton's first-term plan to cover uninsured Americans, were suddenly fretting that costly regulations proposed by the Democrats would boost the ranks of those left behind.

At the end of the week, the Senate had managed to do only what it seems to do best these days—tee up rhetoric for the presidential race. The Democratic front runner, Al Gore, called the vote "a fraud," and Clinton threatened to veto the bill. But the vote was useful in the way it teed up something else: a preview of what could be a real debate. Four of last week's fights prove that when our leaders do get serious about health reform, they will have to move beyond tearful anecdotes and start making hard choices. The cases in point:

MASTECTOMIES To judge from the rush to outlaw "drive-by" mastectomies, you'd think we faced a crisis. But outpatient mastectomies (as they're known off the Senate floor) aren't really a serious national problem. Roughly 15% of mastectomies are done

43 million

The number of uninsured Americans

13.5%



MALPRACTICE

produced lots of drama. TIME sorts out what makes sense and what doesn't

on an outpatient basis today, up from 2% in 1991. Naturally there are some abuses. But as with everything from cataracts to cartilage, technical leaps often make outpatient surgery the safer, cheaper option. Johns Hopkins University, for example, one of the nation's top breast-surgery centers, does mostly outpatient work and reports fewer infections and happier patients. As it turns out, women are as likely to have drive-by mastectomies in fee-for-service plans as in HMOs. Moreover, HMOs tend to give women more mammograms and clinical breast exams; such early-detection methods can help avoid the need for surgery altogether. The upshot: new safeguards that both political parties seek won't change much in the real world. But that doesn't mean such body-part legislation is harmless. "Once Congress starts mandating benefit by benefit," laments Fran Visco, president of the National Breast Cancer Coalition, "they won't have time to do anything else."

MEDICAL NECESSITY When Democrats say your doctor, not some faceless HMO bureaucrat, should decide what's medically necessary, it seems unassailable—but only until you recall that giving doctors unfettered discretion is what drove health costs to 13.5% of America's total GDP in the first place. A presidential commission found that excessive tests and procedures account for up to 30% of the nation's health bill. Experts say there are huge and inexplicable regional variations in the frequency of bypass operations, back surgeries and countless other treatments. Whatever its ills, managed care represents an overdue attempt to understand best medical practices in ways that boost quality while freeing up wasted resources for better uses. Robert Reischauer of the Brookings In-

stitution puts it more bluntly than politicians can: "Are we really trying to undo the ability of health plans to make rational rationing decisions?"

SUE OR REVIEW By opening courts more broadly to patients who have been denied care, would we be providing a cost-raising sop to the trial lawyers or a good way to hold HMOs accountable? Democrats rightly fume that under today's patchwork laws, health plans often can be sued only for the cost of the treatment they withheld, not the greater damage done to the patient. Reimbursing Mom for the price of that wrongly denied test is a cruel mockery after an undetected cancer has spread and she's dying. The broader question is whether having juries second-guess HMOs

after the fact is likely to improve treatment when it matters. The better first resort, embodied in the Senate G.O.P. bill and endorsed by many in both parties, calls for binding, independent and expert external reviews when care is withheld. This system, already automatic in Medicare and launched in numerous states, seems to be working. The key is a process that guarantees immediate action in urgent cases.

COST Democrats say their broader rules would raise monthly premiums by about the cost of a Big Mac. Republicans say the cost would be enough to buy all the McDonald's franchises in the country. The truth is, nobody knows. The nonpartisan Congressional Budget Office guesses that broader Democratic rules would raise premiums 4.8%.

Deciding whether that's a good deal turns in part on how you view the trade-off between cost and access in a nation where 43 million people have no health coverage. A bill of rights that gives more to health care's haves while ignoring its have-nots raises moral dilemmas that will only get dicier as a new generation of pricey medical breakthroughs comes along.

Paradoxically, it was Republicans who last week seemed to carry the flag for those left behind, though it wasn't their chief aim. They did so by putting fears of big new costs, and the obstacles they could represent to expanding coverage, ahead of fresh goodies for those who are now in the tent. Democrats, meanwhile, counted on the debate to lift middle-class trust in their party on health issues, essential to their bid to win back Congress in 2000. But there was little in the debate on either side to inspire faith that the really tough decisions on health care will be made anytime soon in Washington. ■

TIME/CNN POLL

■ Should the government allow patients to select their doctor rather than having one assigned by their HMO?



■ Should the government pay for emergency medical care even if the patient did not get permission in advance from the HMO or managed-care provider?



■ Should the government allow patients to sue their HMO or managed-care provider for decisions made regarding the patients' medical care?



From a telephone poll of 1,017 adult Americans taken for TIME/CNN on July 14-15 by Yankelovich Partners, Inc. Margin of error is ±3.2%. "Not sure" omitted.

The portion of the GDP that the U.S. spends on health care. It is slightly less than five years ago because of managed care, but far higher than the rate in other industrialized countries

1 The number of plans most Americans have access to through their employers

PLAYING W

Taiwan's President can't resist a good spark, but Asia is no place for nationalist pyromania

By JOHANNA MCGEARY

LEE TENG-HUI HAS A KNACK for lighting political fires. His allies say the 11-year President of Taiwan is simply a determined nationalist following the wishes of the vast majority of his electorate. But domestic critics call him a loose cannon, and his adversaries in Beijing regard him as a truly dangerous provocateur. While he likes to talk and often does so injudiciously, Lee is a shrewd politician consciously engaged in a high-risk game of chicken with China.

So Lee knows that in the delicate triangular relationship linking China, Taiwan and the U.S., the subtlety of words and actions can spark a conflagration. When he persuaded Washington to let him visit his alma mater, Cornell, four years ago, the first-of-a-kind trip by a Taiwanese leader since the U.S. dropped diplomatic recognition of Taiwan in 1979, the incident seemed trivial. But China literally went ballistic. In the midst of Lee's campaign for re-election, the People's Republic, which regards Taiwan as a "renegade province," staged ominous military exercises in the narrow waterway separating the island from the mainland, firing test missiles. Washington responded by dispatching two carrier battle groups to the region, and the world trembled at the possibility of armed conflict between the great powers.

Last week Lee sent another shudder through the tangled relationship. In a carefully calculated statement, he cut away the

political fiction that has kept the three parties at peace for nearly three decades. Taiwan, he said, no longer subscribed to the deliberately ambiguous "one China" formula that deemed the Chinese mainland and Taiwan two parts of the same country. From now on, declared Lee, Taiwan intended to operate on a "state-to-state" basis with the mainland, demanding that Beijing treat the island as an equal. This "clarification" to Beijing's ears seemed touchingly close to a declaration of independence. China, which has always vowed to keep hold of Taiwan by force if necessary, responded with a verbal fusillade. Warned Foreign Ministry spokesman Zhu Bangzao: "Don't underestimate the courage and force of the Chinese people to oppose Taiwan independence."

Such anger over a few words that don't sound like much to get excited about. They even reflect reality. Nevertheless, the impact is certain to be profound. In any other part of the world, the new phrasing could be swept aside as a niggling shift in semantics. But for two belligerents, each bent on prevailing, and for a U.S. government caught in the middle, Lee's words had the potential of sparking a diplomatic crisis—or worse. Nor is it now merely an academic exercise for Americans to ask, Would we go to war for Taiwan?

Here's why you should worry. Despite the end of the cold war, virtually everyone in Beijing, Taipei and especially the U.S. Congress still presumes that if China attacks, the U.S. will fight for Taiwan. "One China" may sound like diplomatic fuzz, but it was a brilliant conceptual notion that let Taiwan, China and the U.S. pursue their separate interests without coming into conflict over who owned the island. The



CIVIL WAR or SEPARATE PEACE?

Taiwan's long journey toward independence

1949 Driven from mainland China by the Communists, the Nationalists set up a provisional government in Taiwan. In response, the communists (PRC) claim the island and vow to seize it

1972 Nixon visits China. The Shanghai Communiqué, embracing a "one China" policy, is issued

1979 President Carter recognizes PRC as China's legitimate government, with Taiwan a part of China. Congress counters with a law pledging continued support of Taiwan

1988 Lee Teng-hui becomes Taiwan's first native-born President. He calls for the opening of more lines of communication with China

WITH FIRE

useful formula had its roots in the 1972 Shanghai Communiqué that opened relations between the People's Republic and the U.S. In the years since, the three parties agreed that one day the island and the mainland would reunify but left unstated whose flag would fly. China need not give up its dream of absorbing the nationalist enclave, while Taiwan could fashion itself into a de facto, but not officially separate, state. As long as both adhered to the one-China formula, the U.S., whose strategic interests lie with the mainland even though its moral ties are to the island, was not forced to choose sides.

All that began to unravel after Lee became the first Taiwanese-born President in 1988. The authoritarian Kuomintang nationalist leaders, who fled to the island when the communists prevailed in 1949, gave way to democrats comfortable with party politics and a spirited press. The island gunned its trading economy into the world's 14th largest by adopting the practices of the free market. Taiwanese came to feel the world—and Beijing—should accept the reality that the Republic of China, as they call themselves, deserved to be treated as a sovereign state and political equal. That didn't necessarily mean independence now—a Taiwan poll shows fewer than 20% of the respondents are ready to take that drastic step—but it has meant that Taiwan resents being treated like a subservient local government.

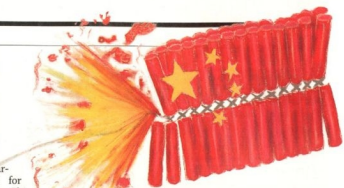
Lee's rhetorical shot was no doubt aimed partly at domestic politics. Presidential elections are scheduled for next year, and even though Lee can't run again, his remarks are intended to co-opt the independence platform of the opposition. But the President may also have been trying to set an indelible stamp on Taiwan's future. By dismissing the one-China rubric, he has created a new status quo, and whoever succeeds him will be constrained by it. "He is intentionally playing the bad cop, trying to

gain more bargaining chips for Taiwan," says Lo Chi-cheng, a political scientist in Taipei. "It's risky, but sometimes you have to take risks to make any gains."

Lee may have had an eye on the American elections as well, hoping to push both parties' candidates into making firm commitments to defend Taiwan militarily. (The Taiwan Relations Act of 1979 pledges Washington to "resist any resort to force" but leaves open just what action the U.S. might actually take.)

Washington was nearly as shocked by Lee's bombshell as Beijing and hurriedly dispatched diplomats to tell him just how "unhelpful" his statements were. While Lee said Taiwan's policy toward eventual reunification had not changed, he did not back away from the new approach. Beijing indicated last week that the upcoming visit of a Chinese diplomat to Taipei, planned to push cordial negotiations ahead, would be "impossible" if Lee did not retreat. And underlining its anger, China took the opportunity to announce tersely that yes, indeed, it possessed the neutron bomb.

As a practical matter, it's up to Washington to repair the damage. Lee's abandonment of the protocol that kept the peace was "highly reckless and provocative," says Henry Kissinger, the man who invented the one-China policy as President Richard Nixon's National Security Adviser. Stuck so uncomfortably in the middle, the U.S. cannot afford to play electoral politics over Taiwan or flinch from making Taipei practice restraint. Unless Americans are willing to have their children fight for Taiwan, the U.S. must make it just as clear to Taiwan as to China that it will not permit either one to drag it into war. —*Reported by Donald Shapiro/Taipei, Mia Turner/Beijing and Douglas Waller/Washington*



HERE COME THE POLS

The Hot Spot

Will Gore get burned for nuzzling China?

COYZING UP TO TAIWAN IS A REPUBLICAN tradition as cherished as tax cuts. In 1980 Ronald Reagan defied his advisers and pledged to re-establish official relations with Taipei. Facing defeat in 1992, George Bush authorized the sale of 150 F-16s to Taiwan. Even Bob Dole talked about building a missile-defense shield over the Pacific to protect Taiwan from Chinese aggression.

Given that history, it's no surprise that conservative candidate Gary Bauer has already declared his support for Taiwanese independence. But don't expect the same from George W. Bush. The Texas Governor has stayed clear of dramatic policy shifts on Taiwan, and last week he issued a statement reiterating his adherence to the U.S.'s one-China formula. "This isn't the kind of policy you can change on the stump," says an aide. That advice was evidently making the rounds. Republican John McCain and Democrats Al Gore and Bill Bradley remained committed to a Beijing-focused policy.

China, however, won't likely disappear as a flash point. Bush plans to slide-tackle the Administration for placing relations with Beijing ahead of those with the U.S.'s Asian allies. Last week Condoleezza Rice, Bush's top foreign policy adviser, took a swing at Clinton for bypassing Tokyo en route to a summit in Beijing last summer: "You wouldn't see the Governor go to China for nine days and not go to Japan and South Korea." It was an opening shot in what promises to be a sustained and challenging salvo for Gore.

—By Romesh Ratnesar

1991 President Lee announces an end to 43 years of emergency rule, implicitly recognizing the PRC government

1995 Lee makes an unofficial visit to the U.S. In response, China conducts missile tests near Taiwan

March 1999 China denounces a proposed U.S. anti-missile defense system that would include Taiwan, calling it an encroachment on China's sovereignty

July 1999 Lee asserts Taiwan's independence, saying China should deal with it "state to state." China says it is ready to "smash any attempts to separate the country"

Love at First Wonk

Everyone says brainiacs Clinton and Barak are made for each other. But can they cut a peace deal?

By LISA BEYER WITH BARAK

WHO IS SMARTER, U.S. PRESIDENT Bill Clinton or Israeli Prime Minister Ehud Barak? James Carville, who has served both men, had to think a minute. "Barak is probably the most unique person I've met in terms of his range of skills," he explains. "Clinton is brilliant but nowhere near the mathematician or musician that Barak is." Then again, Carville notes, the President has astonishing people skills.

That combustible mix of charm and intellect was on vibrant display last week as the two men grinned their way from photo op to photo op, cementing what they clearly hope will become a fast friendship of mutual interest and political romance. Eager for breakthroughs in the Middle East peace process,

Barak and Clinton orchestrated a public embrace meant to persuade Israelis that with a strong ally in Washington they can afford the concessions new treaties will demand.

In his relations with Clinton, Barak hopes for what his mentor, assassinated Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin, had achieved—direct, instant and frequent access to the President. In the weeks after his election, Barak resisted approaches of lesser U.S. officials, such as special envoy Dennis Ross, preferring to wait for a White House chat. Nor did Barak want his subordinates running relations. In a confidential memo, Secretary of State Madeleine Albright advised Clinton that the ex-general was secretive and didn't have a large circle of aides "who knew his mind." A one-on-one relationship with Barak, she said, would be "extremely important."

Clinton evidently took her words to heart. In their first session at the White

NEW FRIENDS Barak wants U.S. backing as he handles peace negotiations himself

House, he and Barak met for 2½ hours with no aides present, not even a notetaker—a highly unusual format. Then the two men and their wives choppered to Camp David for a sleepover. After a chatty, getting-to-know-you fish dinner, the two leaders adjourned for a discussion on a range of issues including terrorism and weapons of mass destruction, while Hillary and Nava Barak discussed their own shared interests in women's health issues. Clinton took the couple on a stroll through Camp David, which figures so prominently in Israeli history. As he showed them the cabin where the Camp David accords were negotiated, the two men shared recollections of Rabin. Shortly after 1 a.m., the party retired, their friendship cemented and their historic mission clear, locked up by Barak's assurance that Israel was prepared to make "painful compromises" for peace.

That was good news to Clinton, who is hungry for a foreign policy triumph. Barak is also eager for a fast peace, before a White House change of guard disrupts Washington's ability to facilitate new deals. Throughout the trip, both sides insisted that Barak's election signaled a departure from the ob-

structionist policies of former Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu. After the first meeting of Clinton and Barak, the President told aides Barak was a leader "who will be scrupulous in terms of living up to his obligations." The unspoken appendix: "unlike Netanyahu."

The relationship won't be friction free. Barak wants Clinton close—but behind him, not in his way. He wants Washington to step back from its role of negotiating and supervising Israeli-Palestinian agreements. He hopes to deal directly with Palestinian leader Yasser Arafat. That makes the Palestinians edgy. "Barak wants to have a wrestling match without a referee," says a Palestinian official. Which is why Washington won't disengage completely. Explains a U.S. official: "This is a bicycle in need of training wheels."

Before Barak's arrival, Clinton, expressing his enthusiasm for working with the Prime Minister, said he felt like "a kid with a new toy." The idiom translated badly in Israel, where commentators complained that Clinton was patronizing their leader. In Washington, Barak came to his new friend's defense. Now, he said, was not the time to give "tricky interpretations to innocent statements." Surely there will be plenty of time for that later.

—With reporting by Jamil Hamad/Jerusalem, Jay Branegan and Douglas Waller/Washington





Q

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The Ride of His Life

Cancer survivor Lance Armstrong's remarkable showing rejuvenates the troubled Tour de France

By THOMAS SANCTON PARIS

THE THREE-WEEK, 2,287-MILE TOUR de France, Europe's premier bicycle race, is one of the world's great tests of human endurance. Every summer more than 10 million fans line the roadsides—and millions more tune in on TV—to watch the riders sprint, climb and sweat their way through every variety of French landscape. The race finishes on the Champs Élysées in Paris, where the winner gets a hero's welcome.

In a sense, Lance Armstrong started the race a hero. In 1996 the Texas-born cyclist was found to be suffering from testicular cancer that had spread to his brain and

the U.S. Postal Service team, for which Armstrong rides. "Very few sporting events are that demanding."

The event's organizers could not have prayed for a more inspiring symbol of survival. The famous race itself has seemed in dire condition ever since one team was expelled and six others dropped out of last year's race in a spectacular doping scandal. But Armstrong's prowess has made most fans forget about all that, at least temporarily. "Armstrong's beating his illness is a sign that the Tour can beat its illness," says Jean-Marie Leblanc, director general of the Société du Tour de France.

A native of Plano, Texas, Armstrong had already chalked up an impressive record be-

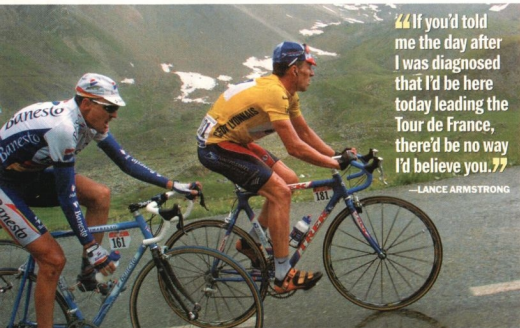
after I was diagnosed that I'd be here today leading the Tour de France, there'd be no way I'd believe you," says Armstrong as he stretches his thigh muscles in a hotel room along the race circuit. He is taut and lean, and his close-cropped brown hair has replaced the temporary baldness caused by his treatment—three months of debilitating chemotherapy and a brain operation to remove the tumors.

After the cancer was diagnosed, Armstrong says, "the first thing I thought was, 'Oh, no! My career's in jeopardy!' Then they kept finding new problems, and I forgot about my career—I was more worried about making it to my next birthday. I had the same emotions when I was sick as I have as a competitive athlete. At first I was angry; [then] I felt motivated and driven to get better. And then when I knew I was getting better, I knew I was winning." His experience has made him "a better man, just like all survivors. I'm more aware of the things around me, and I'm more patient. I'm a happier person than I was before."

The Texan is not happy about persistent suggestions in the French press that his remarkable comeback may be caused by the same kind of performance-enhancing drugs that French and other riders were caught taking. Armstrong, who has repeatedly passed blood and urine tests, denounces the Gallic grousing as "disturbing" and "unfair." He attributes his results to "sweat" and hard training, adding, "This team has done more work than anyone else." Most racing teams are built around a single star, whose cohort protects him from crowding rivals, brings him food and water and shelters him from the wind. "Their job," says Corski, "is to deliver Lance to the critical point in the race with as much energy left as possible."

But then it's up to Armstrong to pump his way to the front. Despite his lead, Armstrong must perform well and avoid accidents on this week's climb through the Pyrenees before he can claim victory in Paris next Sunday. But the outcome almost doesn't matter. With his miraculous recovery, his return to top-level cycling—and the expected birth of his first child in October—Armstrong doesn't need a trophy to prove he's a winner.

—With reporting by Nicholas Le Quesne/Amiens



"If you'd told me the day after I was diagnosed that I'd be here today leading the Tour de France, there'd be no way I'd believe you."

—LANCE ARMSTRONG

lungs. The prognosis could not have been grimmer. But by the time the dust settled on the 13th leg of the Tour de France last Saturday, 27-year-old Armstrong had run up a nearly 8-min. lead on his closest competitor, a big cushion in this 20-stage race. And if his lead holds, Armstrong's achievement will be all the more remarkable. "The Tour de France is like running a marathon every day for 20 days," says Mark Gorski, manager of

fore he was sidelined. In Oslo in 1993, he became the second youngest world road-racing champion; that same year, and again in 1995, he won a leg of the Tour; in April 1996 he won Belgium's Fleche Wallonne race. Then came the terrible news.

In October 1996 doctors told Armstrong he had testicular cancer that had metastasized, affecting one lung and provoking two brain tumors. "If you'd told me the day

Suddenly,
finance is fun.

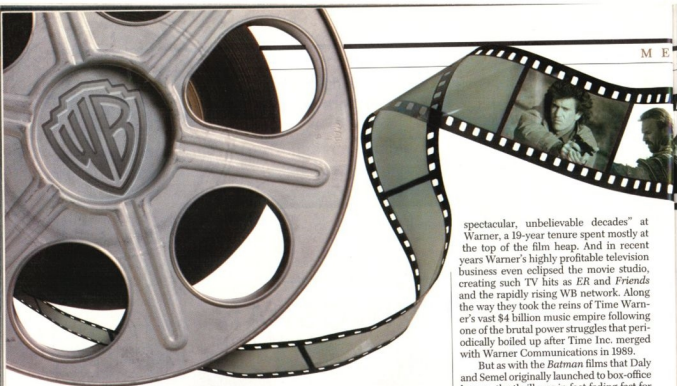


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OUT OF THE PICTURES

Did the suits win? Warner Bros.' legendary bosses Semel and Daly exit Time Warner

By JOHN GREENWALD

LAST TUESDAY WAS A BITTERSWEET night for Hollywood. At the world premiere of the feverishly awaited Warner Bros. movie *Eyes Wide Shut*, the last work by the late director Stanley Kubrick, stars Tom Cruise and Nicole Kidman effervesced with the town's glitterati. But Warner Bros. co-ces Robert Daly, 62, and Terry Semel, 56, struck some as oddly distracted. Moments before the screening, producer Paula Weinstein found Semel alone in an empty lobby, where the two reminisced about a previous Kubrick premiere. "The moment I saw him,

all these memories flooded back," Weinstein says. "I was filled with a sense of history and completion. It felt like closure."

It was. Scarcely 24 hours later, Daly and Semel flew to New York City, where they stunned the entertainment world by telling Time Warner chairman Gerald Levin and other directors of the studio's parent company that they would not renew their contracts. Vice chairman Ted Turner, who had wrangled with the two over their lavish spending, was moved enough to hug them.

Their departure was not without other large dollops of irony. In an open letter to Levin, Daly and Semel cited their "two

spectacular, unbelievable decades" at Warner, a 19-year tenure spent mostly at the top of the film heap. And in recent years Warner's highly profitable television business even eclipsed the movie studio, creating such TV hits as *ER* and *Friends* and the rapidly rising WB network. Along the way they took the reins of Time Warner's vast \$4 billion music empire following one of the brutal power struggles that periodically boiled up after Time Inc. merged with Warner Communications in 1989.

But as with the *Batman* films that Daly and Semel originally launched to box-office bravos, the thrill was in fact fading fast for the dynastic duo. Warner's had produced a string of costly flops in the past two years before rebounding in 1999 with such hits as *The Matrix*, a sci-fi action flick, and the mob comedy *Analyze This*. The Daly-Semel formula centered on the relationships the two had with stars like Mel Gibson and Clint Eastwood and producers like Joel Silver. The movies were big—*Lethal Weapon*, *Unforgiven*—the dollars were bigger, and everyone got a piece of the action, including the studio bosses, who each reportedly earned some \$25 million annually.

Despite the known passion the pair have for moviemaking, a studio executive who knows both men well said that lately they appeared to be tired and unhappy with the increased pressures from top executives in New York City. In the past they clashed with Turner about the WB—he was against launching it—and about the price Turner's cable channels would pay for Warner movies. Just last week Levin said he wanted to sell part of Warner Bros. retail stores, a piece of their empire and one in which they have a direct financial interest.

So Daly and Semel almost seemed to be kissing off their employers before they got the kiss-off themselves. The two men long ago became centimillionaires by virtue of their salaries and zillions of stock options. Says Semel: "For the first time in my life I will not have a contract, a road map to follow. This could be the first time I can choose what direction I'm going in."

The departure marked a turning point not only for Daly and Semel but also for Levin, 60, and for Time Warner—not to



HITS AND MISSES

■ **BLOCKBUSTERS** Franchise films like the Mel Gibson *Lethal Weapon* series led to ...

■ **BOMBS** Such as Kevin Costner's *The Postman* and other star-driven disasters

■ **REBOUND** This year's *Matrix* with Keanu Reeves helped spark a turnaround

■ **THE FUTURE** Tighter control may mean fewer budget-busters like *Wild Wild West*

mention for the era of all-powerful studio bosses in Hollywood. As the last major Warner-side executives left over from the merger, the two were accustomed to running a semiautonomous fiefdom. This inevitably clashed with Levin's drive for increased top-down control of Time Warner's units as the new opportunities of the digital age—from cable modems to downloadable music and movies—placed a premium on coordination among all the far-flung entertainment and information businesses.

The joined-at-the-hip pair, who often rode to work together, showed their clout when they signed their last megadeal with Time Warner five years ago. With the company's stock scraping bottom and Wall Street wondering whether Levin could hang on, the beleaguered chairman was so eager to keep the studio heads that he threw in a piece of the revenues of the Warner stores. Levin later handed Daly and Semel control of the troubled global music group, which has remained an erratic performer.

But this year Levin held the cards, as his strategy of integrating Time Warner's digital assets with its vast cable-TV holdings helped the stock continue to outperform the market. (Time Warner shares closed at \$76.31 Friday, up 56¢ for the week.) With Warner Bros. becoming a shrinking contributor to Time Warner profits in relation to cable, all parties could agree to an amicable parting. Levin said he was "deeply saddened," but he did

not ask them to reconsider. In fact he noted that the company enjoys "tremendous depth of management."

Nonetheless, the studio bosses' decision to leave hardly came easily. With their contracts set to expire at the stroke of the millennium, Daly and Semel advised Levin in May that there was only a fifty-fifty chance that they would stay. When Levin asked for their thoughts two weeks ago, the duo said they would decide on their future after separate European vacations. By the time they boarded a corporate jet in France to head home, the decision had virtually made itself. "I looked at [Terry's] face, and we both knew," Daly says. "We began together, and neither of us wanted to stay behind."

For now, Levin is in no hurry to name a successor to run the studio, although everyone from HBO head Jeffrey Bewkes to outsiders such as Fox's Peter Chernin or Disney's Joe Roth has been bruited as a contender. Levin could create a top slot at Time Warner headquarters in Manhattan for an executive who would oversee the studio and the music group—a high-profile way to bring both units to heel. Analyst Philip Olesen, who follows the media for Warburg Dillon Read, predicts a "re-

FINAL CUT

Levin and Turner, above, expressed sadness but were willing to part with the dynastic duo

■ ROBERT DALY

The senior partner, known for attention to detail in film development

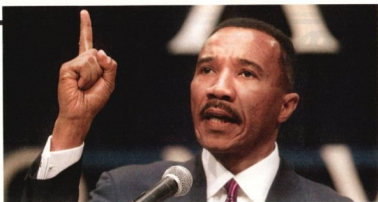
■ TERRY SEMEL

Intensely private, self-confident to the max, great at courting A-list talent

separation" of the film and music divisions.

Time Warner can also engage in some strenuous rethinking of how to mesh all the pieces of its 1989 merger into a truly vertically integrated company. Daly and Semel "put a model in place and have been running it [Warner Bros.] 19 years with unbelievable success," says Time Warner president Richard Parsons. "But is that still the right model? Are we structured correctly, given all the changes that digital technology brings about?" As for Daly and Semel, Parsons says, "it's kind of like the '98 Yankees. It was a beautiful season. And every season comes to an end."

—Reported by
Cathy Booth and Jeffrey Ressler/Los Angeles and
Georgia Harbison/New York



TELEVISION

The Vast Whiteland

Do not adjust your set. It's the big four networks' fall schedule that needs its color contrast fixed

By JAMES PONIEWOZIK

THIS WAS, IN RETROSPECT, PERHAPS not the best month for Calista Flockhart to invite the press to "kiss my skinny white ass." And for once, "skinny" wasn't the problem. "White," rather, reminded us too vividly that Fox had bumped to midseason the heftier black keister of Thurgood Stubbs, animated star of *The PJs*, in favor of *Ally*, the half-hour Mini-Me to *Ally McBeal* and, incidentally, part of the most Caucasian fall lineup in years. It should not have surprised anyone, then, that N.A.A.C.P. president Kweisi Mfume last week issued a similarly spired directive to the Big Four networks, ABC, CBS, Fox and NBC: Put some color back in prime time, or we'll boycott, possibly even sue.

Of 26 pilots the four networks announced for fall, none has a minority star, an embarrassment that led the same TV executives who unveiled the vanilla slate to issue chagrined statements, point to minority characters on existing shows and scramble to make last-minute cast additions. But the issue is more than numbers. It's the future of integration. Network prime time has not just been whitewashed, as Mfume says, it's also been redlined—divided into distinct white and minority (mostly black) 'hoods. Four

years after Oprah Winfrey challenged Ross and Rachel to "get a black *Friend*," the most diverse group on NBC's Must-See comedies is the paint-colored men diving into the peacock logo at breaks, while UPN and the WB have a stable of black-cast comedies. Only a few sitcoms, like the WB's *For Your Love* and UPN's upcoming *Grown Ups*, are integrated.

And black-themed programming is, comparatively, the good news. Space aliens will have more network lead roles than Asians or Native Americans, while Hispanics, the fastest-growing segment of the U.S. population, are woefully underrepresented. "Networks have realized they can't stereotype us, but instead

VANILLA SLATE: N.A.A.C.P. president Mfume decries TV's "virtual whitewash"

they ignore us," says Lisa Navarrete, spokeswoman for the Hispanic advocacy group the National Council of La Raza. And the networks' few efforts at Hispanic- or Asian-themed programs (see, or better yet don't, the misused Margaret Cho in *All-American Girl*) have been feeble and short-lived, feeding the belief that they're untenable. Norman Lear produced ABC's *AKA Pablo* in 1984, but says "the interest simply hasn't been there" for a Latino program since. Even the networks' critics largely blame not blind Klansmanship but the belief that white viewers are key to the ratings and ad bucks that big broadcasters seek. "They think about the market," says Screen Actors Guild president Richard Masur, "and you have to address them in those terms." But a scarcity of minority executives and the pigeonholing of minority writers don't help. "Programmers and executives know Latinos only as people they see in their kitchens and gardens," remarks Latina TV writer Julie Friedgen.

And in the viewers' kitchens? Minorities are best represented on workplace dramas (*ER*, *NYPD Blue*), but sitcoms, which focus more on family and society, tend to be colorless, color blind or awkwardly color conscious. (A rare exception is the wonderfully nuanced relationship between the Hill clan and Laotian next-door neighbors the Souphanousiphones on Fox's *King of the Hill*.) And if these casting decisions are injurious to minorities, they're insulting to whites, who the networks essentially imply are retrograde racists, years after warning to Jefferson,

Huxtable and Urkel. And what if—God help us—they're right?

Racial optimists might look to cable, where channels like Lifetime, MTV, HBO and Showtime offer multiracial fare—while siphoning away broadcast's audience and acclaim. Indeed, Mfume's jeremiad may be an ironic compliment: at least someone still considers the ratings-troubled networks worth fighting over. Is it any wonder the nightly lineup looks like a divided school district, pre-*Brown v. Board of Education*? If you were running a network today, you too would wish it were 1954 again.

—With reporting by
Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles

THE VERY DIFFERENT 'HOODS SEEN IN PRIME TIME



White major characters dominate coming big-network shows like ABC's *Wasteland*

Integrated and minority casts populate UPN's *Grown Ups*, top, and *The Parkers*

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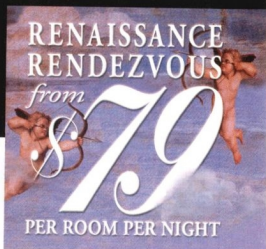
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| Renaissance Esmeralda Resort, Palm Springs | \$119 | *Hawaii-Renaissance Wailea Resort | \$199 | | | | |
| *Renaissance Stanford Court Hotel, San Francisco | \$214 | Illinois | | Washington | | | |
| *Renaissance Parc 55 Hotel, San Francisco | \$204 | Renaissance Chicago Hotel, Chicago | \$154 | Renaissance Madison Hotel, Seattle | \$159 | | |
| Colorado | | Renaissance Oak Brook Hotel, Chicago | \$99 | Brazil: Renaissance São Paulo Hotel | \$230 | | |
| Renaissance Denver Hotel, Denver | \$74 | Renaissance Springfield Hotel, Springfield | \$79 | Dominican Republic | | | |
| Washington, DC | | Maryland | | Renaissance Langue Hotel & Casino, Santo Domingo | \$119 | | |
| Renaissance Mayflower Hotel | \$129 | Massachusetts | | U.S. Virgin Islands | | | |
| Renaissance Washington, DC Hotel | \$139 | Renaissance Bedford Hotel, Boston | \$99 | *Renaissance Grand Beach Resort, St. Thomas | \$120 | | |
| Florida | | Missouri | | Canada | | | |
| Renaissance Orlando Hotel-Airport, Orlando | \$89 | Renaissance New York Hotel, New York | \$235 | *Renaissance Fairview Hotel, Niagara Falls | CDN \$146 | | |
| *Renaissance Orlando Resort, Orlando | \$169 | Renaissance Westchester Hotel, White Plains | \$119 | Renaissance Hotel Du Parc, Montreal | CDN \$149 | | |
| *Renaissance Viny Resort, St. Petersburg | \$149 | Ohio | | Renaissance Vancouver Hotel Harbourside, Vancouver | CDN \$244 | | |
| | | Renaissance Cleveland Hotel, Cleveland | \$154 | | | | |

Program Participation dates vary *Rates available 7 days a week. Limited number of rooms available at hotel rates from June 3, 1999 to September 6, 1999. Rates available Thursday through Sunday. A Thursday night requires a Friday night stay. Rooms with a premium view or location may be priced higher. Rates are per night and subject to change without notice. Some blackout dates and length of stay restrictions apply. This rate is not available to groups of 10 or more rooms, or with other promotional offers. ©1999 Renaissance Hotels International

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Abracadabra!

J.K. Rowling's magical Harry Potter books have cast a spell on kids around the world

By ELIZABETH GLEICK LONDON

AT WATERSTONE'S IN BIRMINGHAM, it was in a cage guarded by two mannequins dressed like Men in Black. At Blackwell's Children's Bookshop in Oxford, the staff tried chaining it up in the window for a few days, but kids kept borrowing stools and climbing in for a peek, so it was hidden away. And on the afternoon of July 8, stores around Britain were packed with children waiting for it. No, not for the newest set of Pokémon trading cards, but for a book: *Harry Potter and the Prisoner of Azkaban*, the third installment of J.K. Rowling's entrancing magical mystery tales about a boy who is really a wizard. At exactly 3:45 p.m.—the moment of the book's eagerly awaited release, timed to the end of the school day—"there was a pause," says Tara Stephenson, head of children's sales and marketing at Blackwell's. "Then once the first one was sold, it was an absolute tidal wave."

Without any help from Harry's brand-new Firebolt broomstick, the books just flew off the shelves. The Birmingham Waterstone's sold 32 copies in the first 10 minutes. Blackwell's sold 92 in the first half hour. At Storyteller, in the small town of Thirsk in north Yorkshire, a staggering 56 were snapped up that first afternoon—"and we don't usually sell books in hardback at all," says store owner Judy Turner, who has taken to selling the book at cost rather than confront the "droopy faces" of those who cannot afford the \$17 cover price. Less than two weeks after its release in Britain, the book has gone through 10 printings and sold 270,000 copies, outstripping its nearest competitor, Thomas Harris' *Hannibal*. "I haven't seen anything quite like this," says Caroline Horn, children's book editor at *Bookseller* magazine. "It happened in the playground."

Across the Atlantic, meanwhile, *The Prisoner of Azkaban* is not due to come out until Sept. 8, and kids are going berserk. It's not enough that there are more than 1.7 million copies of the first two books, *Harry Potter and the Sorcerer's Stone* and *Harry Potter and the Chamber of Secrets*, in print in the U.S.; young readers want the new one, and they want it now. In the Henderson-Nold household in Berkeley, Calif., Nick, 12, and Will, 10, were so desperate for the next fix that Nick and his mother, Susan Henderson, went straight to the Internet, where they struck gold. More than a month before

sticky issue of territorial rights raised by the borderless Internet. For now, Scholastic is bowing to copyright laws that permit the export of one copy per customer "for personal use." Says Arthur Levine, the series' U.S. editor: "It's not an issue I even want to talk about." In the future, though, he'll be taking no chances: the fourth Harry Potter will be released simultaneously in Britain and America next year.

The previously unknown and unpublished Joanne Rowling, 33, who lives in Edinburgh with her five-year-old daughter, is a bit stunned at her snowballing success. "I do feel sometimes as though someone has taken the lid off my stone," she confesses. "I feel very exposed." Shunning a press tour for the new release, she is busy working on the fourth of what will be seven books—one for each year Harry attends Hogwarts, his wizard school.

This year Harry turns 13, and he and his pals Ron and Hermione meet

flying Hippogriffs and terrifying Dementors, prison guards who suck the happiness out of people; they take classes in Divination and discover new powers. But as Rowling, with her trademark humor and tight plotting, continues to mine her true themes of betrayal and loyalty, love and loss, the forces of evil are also encroaching. "Life is becoming a bit more fraught with anxiety generally," Rowling says. "And in book four, Harry gets introduced to his hormones." All of which will help Harry and his fans grow up together. ■



WILD ABOUT HARRY: Rowling, left, has won the hearts of young readers with books about a boy who is really a wizard

BIRMINGHAM: MARY-AP

BARRY WATCHELSON

MONDRIAN PRESS



AUTHOR COOK: At times men recede to the margins

Angel on F.D.R.'s Shoulder

A feminist biography of Eleanor Roosevelt sees her as a vulnerable, tireless, generous pioneer

IN A VINTAGE ANIMATED CARTOON, A little kitty cat falls into an icy well, and Pluto debates with himself whether to save her. A tiny red Pluto with horns and tail appears on his shoulder and tells him, in the voice of a gangster, "Nah, forget about the cat, whadda you care?" On the dog's other shoulder there appears a tiny Pluto outfitted as the better angel of his nature. She commands Pluto, "Now save that kitty!" Every adult seeing the cartoon years ago recognized the busybody angel's fluting voice as that of Eleanor Roosevelt.

Her detractors had great fun with Eleanor Roosevelt. Her relentlessly feminist biographer, Blanche Wiesen Cook, goes to the other extreme. Her second volume of *Eleanor Roosevelt*, a projected three-volume life (Viking; 686 pages; \$34.95), runs now and then to hagiography: "Her ethic was simple: She wanted to see the best she could imagine for herself and her loved ones made available to everyone."

The Pluto cartoon had it right, but not necessarily in a bad sense. As Robert Sherwood observed in the mid-1930s, E.R. became "the keeper of and constant spokesman for her husband's conscience." She sat on F.D.R.'s shoulder and hectored him and sometimes disagreed with him publicly, and filled his famous bedside In box with nightly memos on how to save the nation from the icy well into which it had fallen. She traveled incessantly and showed a hands-on, sympathetic curiosity about the lives of poor and black and beleaguered working Americans.

TIME called her Eleanor Everywhere. E.R.'s brave, stubbornly autonomous performance broke new psychological and moral ground for American women.

Cook's Volume II—sometimes overburdened with detail but nonetheless fascinating—covers the Depression years of 1933 to 1938, from F.D.R.'s first Inauguration to the eve of World War II. Cook manages a strange optical illusion of history: the men, including F.D.R., sometimes recede to the muzzy margins—the masculine world being crude and obtuse and brutal—while the busy, vivid termagants of Eleanor's circle go about trying to do good and save the world.

Woven through Cook's narrative runs the private thread (titillating, somehow endearing) of Eleanor's long affair with Lorena Hickok, a stout and mannish journalist. In the past, historians have usually sidestepped the question ("...whether Hick and Eleanor went beyond kisses and hugs...there is absolutely no way we can answer with certainty," wrote Doris Kearns Goodwin in *No Ordinary Time*). Cook simply takes it for granted that the ardor of their correspondence and their lives together was sapphic. Next case.

The Eleanor Roosevelt of Cook's portrait—vulnerable, irritating, indefatigable, self-righteous, almost unthinkable generous—is not an entirely new version of the woman we know, but a more complete one. E.R. had an insufferable side; she also possessed an imaginative humanity that no First Lady—and no President—has matched since then. —By Lance Morrow



BOOKS

Circle of Gilt

The trials of affluent New Yorkers in group therapy



GROUP: SIX PEOPLE IN *Search of a Life* (Riverhead; 339 pages; \$25.95), Paul Solotaroff's tribute to his former group therapist, follows six New Yorkers with New Yorkers' problems: too much or not enough money, sex, drugs or ambition. Throw in childhoods

with cruel or irresponsible parents, and you've got subjects willing to spend \$100 a pop to discover their "true story."

Collecting the door fee and directing the cast is Dr. Charles Lathorn, an effective but flawed psychiatrist whom Solotaroff admires with the awe of a proselyte-grad student, having once been counseled through a bout of panic disorder in a Lathorn group. Solotaroff, a journalist, profiles a group that Lathorn boasts is the "smartest bunch of people I've ever assembled": Sara, a beautiful former model turned fashion editor crippled in her search for a husband by daddy issues; Rex, a Wall Street jock recovering from an addiction to both coke and a blond-bombshell stripper; Dylan, a rock-'n'-roll sideman and jingle writer in the throes of alcoholism; Jack, a 59-year-old Broadway producer and former big spender suspended from producing for seven years, a plea bargain for embezzling from his shows; Peter, a wimpy accountant; and Lina, a mental-health administrator, poverty-stricken by a two-year divorce fight with her millionaire husband. All the names, including the doctor's, are pseudonyms.

Solotaroff promises an examination of the nuances of group therapy through these emotionally added upper-crusters. His own two-year group experience convinced him of the doctor's effectiveness ("I got lucky"), so he doesn't dissect Lathorn's new, 20-session process and the doctor's own subsequent need of rehabilitative help. Instead he focuses on the group members. Problem is, they have stories we've already seen on *Oprah*, the ultimate group forum. And it's hard to feel sorry for these people, with their luxury homes and contact-filled résumés. The successes and failures portrayed here are neither heartwarming nor heartbreaking. This group should have just talked among themselves. —By Desa Philadelphia

A Fool Turns the Tables

In *The Dinner Game*, the victimizer is the victim

WRITER-DIRECTOR FRANCIS VEBER has repeatedly insisted that *The Dinner Game* is founded in reality: at some point in the fairly recent past, Parisian sophisticates took to hunting down idiots, issuing straight-faced dinner invitations to them and then awarding a prize to the swell who brought the most excruciating bore to the party.

All Veber imagined was a situation where one of the smart set is obliged to deal with one of his victims, one on one, man to man. That is simply arranged: Pierre (Thierry Lhermitte), a publisher, is suddenly immobilized by a backache on the very night he has asked François (Jacques Villeret), an accountant who makes matchstick models of things like the Eiffel Tower and the Concorde, over for a drink before the fools' parade. François

is more than eager to divert Pierre from his pain.

Before the night is out, he has managed to estrange Pierre from both his wife and his mistress and to bring the tax collector (played with wonderful avidity by Daniel Prévost) down on him. But in the end, for all his clumsiness,

François proves himself the better man—warmhearted and unworthy of the contempt that has been so richly visited upon him.

Veber, the author of the much adapted *La Cage aux Folles* as well as other farces, is a veteran of this sort of thing. His movies are slick, simple and irresistibly funny. Like all boulevard comedians, he understands that it is sex that drives everyone crazy. But of course not so much as a top button gets undone in *The Dinner Game*, despite the amount of libidinal energy running loose in Pierre's apartment and leaking down the telephone lines to a world just itching to compound the confusion.

What's good about the movie—and what sets it apart from American comedy at the moment—is the way it refuses to fall across the line into vulgarity, let alone grossness. One's enjoyment of it may very well derive from the way it contrasts with the climate in which it is released. There's something delightfully old-fashioned about its archness and its solid architecture. —By Richard Schickel



JUST DESSERTS: Villeret, left, and his host Lhermitte

You call the shots.

C I N E M A

A Pageant To Die For

Drop Dead Gorgeous is a hate letter to Minnesota

WHAT SHOULD BE PUT IN A TIME capsule, the best of an age or the most brazenly typical? A Chuck Close painting or Drew Barrymore's gluteal tattoo? If you're looking for low familiar in a 1999 film, some concoction in which archetype meets stereotype, you might consider *Drop Dead Gorgeous*, a film that contains multitudes of better films in one disposable package. The other benefit of putting this instructively annoying dark comedy in a time capsule is that then no one would have to watch it.

A film team has come to Mount Rose, Minn., to document its annual Sara Rose Cosmetics® Miss Teen Princess America Pageant. And this time it's personal. The local doyen (Kirstie Alley) is ready to



SMILE! Dunst is a vision in red, white and blue

kill, really, to ensure that her daughter Becky (Denise Richards) will win over trailer-park cutie Amber Atkins (Kirsten Dunst). Got all the movie references? Here is a mockumentary (*Waiting for Guffman*, *The Blair Witch Project*) about a high school contest (*Smile, Election*) set among the funny-talking rubes of rural Minnesota (*Fargo* or every third episode of *Mystery Science Theater 3000*).

Lona Williams' script has more lute-

fisk and Lutheran gags than a year of *A Prairie Home Companion*. Williams and director Michael Patrick Jann are as eager to deride Middle America, with its oppressively cheerful whiteness, as they were to exploit the area's hospitality; the film was shot in half a dozen Minnesota towns. As Amber says, "The whole thing's kinda sad and lame at the same time."

Emerging valiantly from the debris are the two young stars. Dunst, 17, has grown up smartly before the camera; she has poise, wit and great dimples. Richards, 27 but plausibly teenish, uses her huge doll eyes (somehow calculating and dazed) and her brilliant teeth (all 50 or 60 of them, lined up like chorines ready to please the sugar daddies) to make Becky both the apotheosis and the parody of a precocious beauty-contestant pro. These are actresses worth watching, performances worth saving.

And when you pop *Drop Dead* into the time capsule, toss a reel of *American Pie* in with it. The guys from that movie and the girls from this one could tear one another apart.

—By Richard Corliss

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MUSIC

Take a Bow

Jazz violinist Regina Carter breaks out

THE MOST CELEBRATED FIGURES IN jazz tend to play one of a limited set of instruments: piano, trumpet, saxophone, a few others. The most celebrated instrumentalists in jazz also tend to be men, with women, for the most part, relegated to finding fame as vocalists. Regina Carter breaks the rules: she's a female instrumentalist, not a singer, and she plays the violin, which, although it has a long history in jazz, is not considered by all fans to be a core jazz instrument. However, for Carter, her violin is her voice—soaring, sighing, demanding, convincing. Carter's previous album, *Something for Grace*, was a smooth-jazz, easy-listening affair. Her newest release, *Rhythms of the Heart* (Verve), swings harder, aims higher and cuts deeper.



IN THE GROOVE: Her new album swings harder, aims higher and cuts deeper

The Detroit-born Carter, who studied classical music as a child but switched to jazz in high school, has played backup for some of the top performers in jazz, including Wynton Marsalis. In this album she steps into the spotlight. Her sound has echoes of the jazz-violin greats of the past: the melodic instincts of Stéphane Grappelli, the sweet swing of Stuff Smith.

On *Rhythms of the Heart*, Carter creates music that is wonderfully listenable, probably intelligent and, at times, breathtakingly daring. On one track, *Papa Was a Rollin' Stone*, she cheekily combines classic soul and traditional jazz, with Cassandra Wilson supplying the vocals. It's the high point of a CD filled with peaks: voice and violin, darting and duetting, taking the listener into the future of jazz.

—C.J.F.

SHORT TAKES

CINEMA

THE WOOD Directed by Rick Famuyiwa Ah, the '80s! To today's teen audience, those days are deadlier than the Dark Ages. But the high school worries about pride and friendship and whether one should pack Tic Tac or gum on a date are timeless. On a wedding day three pals (Richard T. Jones,



Omar Epps and Taye Diggs) flash back to their youth in Inglewood, Calif., courting the girls and stoutly refusing a joint from the local gangster ("What are you all, Muslims or something?"). The movie is aiming more for *American Graffiti* than *American Pie*; it dares to hint that a man should strive for humanity, not strutting manhood. And the attractive cast works hard to make the condom gags seem fresh. But this is tired stuff. No one is likely to look back on the '90s, smile drolly and say, "Ah, yes, *The Wood*!"

—By Richard Corliss

MUPPETS FROM SPACE Directed by Tim Hill Gonzo is not just another daredevil. But who is he? Where did he come from?



Muppets from Space supplies him with a simple answer to those questions. He's an alien from outer space, and this dear little movie eventually presents him with a choice: return to his kind in a galaxy far away, or stay with his earthing buddies, the Muppets. The answer may be obvious; the Muppets briskly economical opportunities to satirize government, media excesses and cult sci-fi's more tiresome tropes.

—By Richard Schickel

DANCE

A SELECTION Pilobolus Dance Theatre Is the Holocaust too big for art? It depends on the artists. In *A Selection*, which debuted in New York City recently, the



members of Pilobolus team up with children's authors Maurice Sendak and Arthur Yorinks

to compress the ultimate nightmare into an indelibly fearful fable about a troupe of traveling players who miss the last train out of Nazi Germany. Otis Cook gives the performance of a lifetime as a lewdly smirking stranger dressed in death-camp gray who meets them at the station. The music is by Hans Krasa and Pavel Haas, two composers who died in Auschwitz; and the set, by Sendak, has the jarring simplicity of a bedtime story gone terribly wrong.

—By Terry Teachout

MUSIC

REVIEWS/O SOY

Cafe Tacuba In pop music there's an important difference between experimentation



and invention: the former implies the willingness to challenge convention; the latter also suggests the ability to create interesting new sounds. This Mexican group is one of the most praised Spanish-language rock bands around, but unfortunately its new double CD is perhaps more experimental than inventive. The first part features instrumentals that draw on Latin pop and European classical traditions; the second features vocals influenced by art-rock, bolero and other genres. More than a few songs on this provocative collection have the power to enchant, yet this band surely has better albums in its future.

—By Christopher John Farley

TELEVISION

THE BRANDON TEENA STORY Cinemax,

July 26 Long, Ken Burns-ish shots of grass and Ella Fitzgerald songs seem bizarrely out of place in this documentary of a teenager's murder, and yet such embellishments make it no less compelling. The film retraces the life of Teena Brandon, who in her early adolescence left her Nebraska hometown and began posing as a boy, Brandon Teena. As Brandon, she won the hearts of many girls but died tragically, killed by two male friends who were furious that they'd been duped. Interviews

with her killers (one is on death row) provide a chilling portrait of intolerance.

—By Ginia Bellafante



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Anita Hamilton

Flawed Gems

I love the way those tiny new APS cameras look. Too bad they aren't as inviting to use

IT'S EMBARRASSING BUT TRUE: I'M A DISPOSABLE-camera junkie. Ever since my last real camera started making pathetic whirring sounds as it struggled

in vain to advance the film, I've lived in denial, telling myself I'd buy just one more disposable to tide me over. That was two years ago. Since then I've gone through a dozen, guiltily toting them to weddings, Caribbean vacations and weekends in the country. But I'm sick of grainy pictures that should have been great and puny flashes that make a walk in

the woods look like a mid-night stroll. And after paying \$15 a pop for that many disposables, I'm know I'm not saving any money.

I hoped the latest advanced photo system cameras would solve my problem. As leery as I am of APS film, whose most obvious distinction is its high price, I'm tempted by the cameras' handy, lightweight designs. Because the cartridge is smaller than 35 mm and the film requires no threading, the cameras can be very compact. They take pictures in three sizes and replace negatives with a single contact sheet that displays thumbnail images of an entire roll at a glance. So I decided to put three brand-new models from Canon, Konica and Minolta to the test. My bar: they had to be sleek and light and come with a 2X zoom.

When I first showed my gems around the office, I got plenty of oohs and aahs. They're gorgeous! Then I played tourist for a weekend, snapping flowers and the New York City skyline and taking more preening self-portraits than I'd like to admit. But I soon discovered that while all the cameras were easy to use, had similar features and cost about \$250 apiece, each was flawed.

I loved the mid-roll-change option on Canon's Elph 2, which lets you swap partly used rolls in and out. I could save one roll for impromptu pics, then switch to a fresh one for parties or vacations. But the viewfinder was noticeably dull, actually discouraging me from taking shots. Minolta's



New Mini APSs

- **Minolta's Vectis 2000** has a slick pull-open case and is the lightest of all at 5.3 oz.
- **Canon's Elph 2** has a handy mid-roll-change feature
- **Konica's Revio** has the sharpest zoom

silvery Vectis 2000 was the lightest of the trio and has a slick pull-open case. But it didn't seem so slick when I had to slap a piece of Scotch tape on the battery compartment to keep it from popping open. And the hatch marks that showed up on the edges of the viewfinder when I switched to classic or panoramic views were distracting.

That left the winter-green Konica Revio as my favorite, until I noticed that you can't operate the self-timer with any special settings like red-eye reduction, landscape mode or night view. Instead you have to buy a \$25 remote control (also available for the Elph and Vectis) to do the trick.

As excited as I'd been at the outset, I felt deflated that none were as spectacular as they looked. And when I tried to get my film developed, finding same-day APS processing on a Sunday was a pain. Estimates ranged from overnight to three days, until I located a shop (Fromex) on Manhattan's Upper East Side. As for the prints, the Konica did better on close-ups, but overall it was a toss-up.

So I decided not to decide. As sick as I am of disposables, I won't settle for a less than perfect replacement. Looks as if I'm back to window shopping—and packing disposables.

Visit minoltausa.com, usa.canon.com or konicam.com for more on each camera. E-mail Anita at ahamilton@time.com

PORTAL FOR PEEWEES Navigating the Net is tough enough when you can read and do long division. Imagine what a first-grader faces. A new search site designed for young children (ALFY.com) aims to make the Web more kid friendly. Instead of typing words, users search by clicking on pictures. They then follow a link to one of the 4,000 selected sites. Even the category labels are kid-centric: Looking for biology info? Try the animal icon.



SPACING OUT The name Lou Dobbs conjures up images of markets, mutual funds and money—loads of it. And that's just the kind of stuff you'd expect to see on the website that the CNN Moneyline anchor is launching this week. But Dobbs, founder of the CNNfn network and perhaps the most marketable name in financial news, is pursuing a project of another world entirely. His site, space.com, is about the cosmos, not cash, reflecting his interest in space. Sounds swell, but will it fly financially? Over to you, Lou...




PAC ATTACK Wanna emulate the Florida man who just made history by getting the world's first perfect score in a Pac-Man game? Or are you simply nostalgic for youthful days spent gobbling ghosts at the arcade? Either way, check out a 20th-

anniversary Pac-Man game for the Sony PlayStation that will hit stores this fall. You can steer Pac-Man through six 3-D worlds, dodging volcanic mines, aliens



and crazed clowns. And old-timers needn't feel left out. They can play in "classic mode," chasing Pinky, Inky, Blinky and Clyde through the original 2-D mazes.

—By Rebecca Winters

A photograph of a man and a woman sitting in airplane seats. The woman is on the left, wearing a red jacket, looking towards the right. The man is on the right, wearing a light blue shirt and a patterned tie, looking down at a magazine or book. Above them is a large white thought bubble containing text. The background shows the interior of an airplane with windows and overhead storage bins.

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Christine Gorman

Beyond Lyme

There's a new tick-borne disease to worry about. Here's what you need to know

THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT TICKS THAT DRIVES EVEN the most well-balanced among us a bit nutty. They're too small to feel when they're crawling on your skin. They pack their own anesthetic, so you don't realize they're burying their heads in your body. And they suck your blood for hours at a stretch. Besides grossing you out, ticks may carry certain bacteria that can make you very, very sick, as thousands of folks in the Northeast and Midwest who have developed Lyme disease can tell you.

But Lyme disease isn't the only or even the deadliest tick-borne infection. Ever since 1986, when the first cases cropped up in the U.S., researchers have been keeping a watchful eye on a debilitating and sometimes fatal flu-like ailment called Ehrlichiosis. The infection is transmitted by the Lone Star tick in the southern half of the U.S. and the ever present deer tick in the north. It was once thought to afflict only dogs and horses, but



TINY TERROR: A Lone Star tick waits to make a meal of man or beast

four strains of bacteria that affect people have been identified in the past decade. Last week came word that a fifth strain, called *Ehrlichia ewingii*, which is particularly common among dogs in Missouri, can cause illness in their masters as well.

The new bacterium was identified in four patients as well as two of their dogs by researchers from the Washington University School of Medicine in St. Louis, Mo., in a study published in the *New England Journal of Medicine*. "We don't think the dogs gave the infection to the people directly [through licks or bites]," says Dr. Gregory Storch, an infectious-disease specialist who led the study. "We think both pets and patients were innocent victims."

What's particularly worrisome about Ehrlichiosis is that it's not easy to spot. There's no telltale rash, as occurs in Lyme disease. Nor is there an easy test for it. Doctors must rely on such circumstantial evidence as a low level of white blood cells and abnormal spots on those cells. And an antibiotic commonly prescribed for Lyme disease—amoxicillin—is useless for treat-

ing Ehrlichiosis. Fortunately, there's another drug, doxycycline, that does the trick. Left untreated, however, severe cases of the infection can kill in a few days.

Does this mean you should never walk in the woods again? Absolutely not. But a few precautions are in order. Tuck your pants into your socks, spray DEET on your clothes and stay away from the grassy, overgrown areas favored by ticks. Also, be sure to check your body and

your kids' bodies at least once a day.

Since it takes as long as 24 hours for bacteria to get from the tick into your bloodstream, it pays to remove ticks as soon as you can. Don't try holding a burnt match to the tick to make it back out. Apart from scorching yourself, you'll just provoke it into regurgitating its potentially toxic baggage into your body. Instead, take a pair of tweezers, line them up alongside the tick's body and as close to your skin as you can and gently pull out the tick. Be sure not to squeeze or crush the tick, as that can force its insides into your body as well. After the tick is out, wash the area of the bite with antiseptic, and place the tick in a plastic container marked with the date in case your doctor needs to test it later to confirm a diagnosis. Most important, don't delay getting medical help if you develop a fever or rash. Both Ehrlichiosis and Lyme disease are easily cured if caught right away. ■

To learn more about ticks and Ehrlichiosis, visit time.com/personal. You can send e-mail to Christine at gorman@time.com

GOOD NEWS

NEEDLE-FREE SHOTS It's not the flu season yet, but it never hurts to be prepared. Protection from the pesky influenza virus may soon come from a simple squirt in the nostrils. Adults using a novel spray vaccine containing a crippled form of the virus had fewer sick days and took less medication than those who toughed it out without shots. Alas, it may be two years before the spray is available in doctor's offices.



AIDING INFANTS Babies of HIV-positive mothers face a 30% chance of contracting the virus during delivery. With the inexpensive and commonly used antiviral drug nevirapine, however, only about 13% of newborns become infected. That's better than a short course of costly AZT and requires just one pill for the mother during labor and a few drops for the baby within three days of birth. It should be a boon to the Third World, where mother-infant transmissions keep AIDS rampant.

BAD NEWS

VACCINE WARNING The Centers for Disease Control and Prevention has called on doctors to stop giving a vaccine against rotavirus, the leading cause of severe diarrhea in infants—at least until its safety is confirmed. The vaccine may have caused a serious intestinal blockage in some 20 babies. To report problems, call (800) 822-7967.

ACHING WRISTS That bane of typists and others who spend long hours at the keyboard, carpal-tunnel syndrome, seems to be more common than originally thought. As many as 1 in 5 people who complain of tingling in their hands may have the ailment. The condition, which is a form of repetitive-stress injury, frequently occurs when the same motion is repeated over and over, compressing a nerve in the wrist, with all the painful consequences.

—By Alice Park

Sources: Good News: JAMA (7/14/99), National Institutes of Health; Bad News: NMEB (7/15/99), JAMA (7/14/99)



Amy Dickinson

Camp for the Soul

Vacation Bible Schools, enjoying a revival, teach spiritual lessons with popsicle sticks

MOST OF US CLING TO A VERSION OF SUMMER LEFT over from our childhood—a memory of opened hydrants, a lifeguard's whistle, the smell of cocoa butter on skin. For me, this has to include Vacation Bible School, held every summer at the Methodist church in my hometown. Kids would gather in the musty sanctuary for songs featuring hand gestures that seemed, for our brand of Methodism, dangerously close to dancing. We played Bible tag, memorized the books of the Old Testament and drank gallons of Kool-Aid out of waxy paper cups. Our teachers entertained us so well that we scarcely noticed that with every Popsicle-stick ark they helped us build, they were molding our little souls.

After years of dormancy, Vacation Bible School is once again attracting families who want to expose their children to spiritual teachings. This summer churches, synagogues and mosques are offering educational and camping programs, and are seeing a boom in attendance, according to the National Council of Churches. The organization points to the highly competitive market for Vacation Bible School materials, with 20 publishers offering dozens of snazzy programs that are designed to appeal to kids' interests. "A Great Bibleland Dig," for instance, combines archaeology with Bible stories.

Studies show that kids with a spiritual grounding tend to be more resilient in the face of life's setbacks and are less likely to suffer from depression. For parents who are eager to give their children some basic spiritual or religious teaching, a program like Vacation Bible School can be a good start. Unlike Sunday school, most V.B.S. programs tend to be ecumenical and welcome children with varying religious backgrounds or none at all. The schools usually offer weekend sessions during the summer, and local churches often stagger their schedules so kids can bounce from one program to another.

I spent a week back at V.B.S. in my



CHRISTINE KIRKPATRICK, 8, knows her crafts—and Psalm 139

hometown this summer, happy to see the little church being host to 65 kids each evening from 6 to 8 (a modern accommodation to busy daytime schedules). The kids still sing and do lessons and crafts, and the Kool-Aid still flows. Thirty adults, all with jobs and families, volunteer their time to help teach in the program, which is offered at no charge to any child who walks in the door. Kids at V.B.S. had "the ultimate experience with Jesus," during which they learned portions of the *Psalms* and made fabulous and bizarre craft creations. (The "shepherd on a stick" was my favorite.) I am happy to report that I observed incidents not only of Bible-verse spouting but also of sharing and Golden-Ruling galore. Christine Kirkpatrick, 8, told me she understood *Psalm 139*: 9-10, "If I take the wings of the morning and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; Even there your hand will lead me, and your right hand will hold me fast," she explained. "It means we are never alone. So if there is a new kid at school this fall, I'm going to try and be his friend and introduce him to people so he won't feel like he's alone." She also said she was going to try to be nicer to her little sister.

Christine's mother, who helps teach a class, is happy about that. "It's nice," she said, "when they really bring the lesson home."

You can e-mail Amy at timefamily@aol.com or write her at TIME, 6th Floor, 555 12th St. NW, Washington, D.C. 20004

BREAST IS BEST Breast milk not only contains the best nutrition for a newborn. Exclusive breast feeding for three to five months also reduces the risk of a child's later gaining too much weight, a study last week in the *British Medical Journal* shows. Children of normal weight tend to stay that way as adults, so prolonged breast feeding may reduce the long-term risks of heart disease and other weight-related ailments.



BE KIND This week People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals launches a campaign to increase public awareness of animal cruelty and its link to other violent behavior in youngsters. The group is supplying teaching kits and videos to more than 100,000 educators as well as 15,000 pediatric and obstetric offices to help adults teach kids the importance of being kind to their pets and other animals. The material shows



parents, teachers and doctors how to spot and deal quickly with the troubling early signs of cruelty to animals.

TWO FOR ONE A growing movement in child and eldercare is "co-located" programs, in which small children and adult adults share space and activities. These arrangements, say researchers, help boost the spirits of the elderly, who become more alert after time spent reading to children or even just watching them. The little ones, meanwhile, seem to be less self-absorbed and more caring.

—By Daniel S. Levy



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LIKE A ROCK



Daniel Kadlec

Time to Trade In?

No, not your car, your auto stocks. Slowing SUV sales might be a sign to sell Detroit, buy Japan

AMERICAN FAMILIES OWN MORE FOUR-WHEEL-DRIVE trucks than the Army—but unlike the Department of Defense, we stop buying at some point. Like now. After years of acceleration, sales of sport-utility vehicles, or SUVs, are slowing—and the turn surely signals tougher times ahead for U.S. carmakers. How soon? That's the key question. Overall, car sales are strong, and SUV sales remain fairly brisk. Just last week Ford reported record quarterly earnings (adjusted for one-time events).

So don't expect a sudden disaster. But if you're looking for a navigation system for the industry, this is it: SUVs are the most profitable things on wheels, and as their growth curve turns down, so will profits—and car stocks.

For consumers the news couldn't be better. Carmakers toolled up for exponential SUV demand, and now find themselves so overstocked that they're laying on goodies to keep moving the metal. GM, which a few years ago sold virtually every Suburban at list price, has incentives on its Suburban, Yukon and Tahoe lines. Ford is offering low-rate financing on the Explorer, and DaimlerChrysler has lowered lease prices on its Jeep Grand Cherokee and is cutting production.

Before you dash off to the nearest dealer, though, check the auto exposure in your mutual funds and stock portfolio. You may be able to cut your best deal right at home—by cutting your auto holdings. The stocks have had a nice run. They're up 65% in the past two years, vs. 47% for the Standard & Poor's 500. Since the last recession, in 1991, they're up 365%, vs. 237% for the S&P 500.

The toughest thing to do with a stock that's been good to you is sell and pay the tax. But unless you're a lifer, now is the time to lighten up. Already car stocks have begun to erode, slipping 16% in the past two months—amid glowing results. The market is telling us something.

Here's my view: the auto cycle is nearing an end. SUV sales in the first half of the year were up 11.2%, vs. an increase of 18.4% in the

first half of 1998, reports a research firm, Autodata. If the trend holds, this will mark the slowest growth for SUVs in years. That puts profits under pressure because it takes three sedans to generate the profit of one SUV.

Even in the diverse global economy of today, the car business is cyclical. At the moment we're in a boom. The trick is to sell before the bust. "The time to buy auto stocks is when times are bad but not getting worse," notes Merrill Lynch analyst John Cesa. "The time to sell is when times are good but not getting better." Billionaire Kirk Kerkorian showed us the way. He was buying Chrysler at \$10 in 1991, when the company was on its back. His \$1.5 billion investment is worth more than \$5 billion—and he's now a seller.

Don't want to wait for the next recession in the U.S.? Consider buying Japanese auto stocks now. The economy there is bad but not getting worse. And Toyota, Honda and Nissan are well positioned to benefit from the next hot vehicle—the car-SUV hybrid. The bell ringer in that group is the Lexus RX300, which has seen sales explode 150% this year. It's built on a car frame, not a truck frame, yet sits above traffic, satisfying the No. 1 reason consumers give for buying an SUV. Swapping U.S. for Japanese car stocks isn't unpatriotic. It's the smart way to take chips off the table and stay invested in autos. ■

See time.com for more on automakers. Dan appears on CNN Tuesday at 12:45 p.m. E.T. and on RNN Monday at 5:40 p.m. E.T.

SUVs: RUNNING OUT OF TREAD?

First-half U.S. sales growth



ATM FEES More banks are charging customers for using automated teller machines, and the fees are getting higher, according to the Fed. Last year the average surcharge for noncustomers rose 6¢ at banks, to \$1.20; 11¢ at savings and loans, to \$1.15. Customers are also getting charged higher fees by their banks for using ATMs that belong to other institutions. To find machines that don't add a fee, visit www.surcharge-free-atms.com.



RED FLAG The SEC is looking into mutual-fund ads featuring odd one-year periods—ending April 13 or May 3, for example—that allow them to show an amazing performance by capturing high points and leaving out subsequent declines. The review is being driven by the performance of Internet stocks such as Yahoo and America Online, whose gyrations can make some fund managers look like a genius on Monday and stupid by Friday. Don't wait for the Fed to help. Check out the ads carefully.

BUY THIS MUTUAL FUND

Look at the performance!



WALL STREET CLEANING The National Association of Securities Dealers is getting rid of half its 6,500 over-the-counter securities. They'll go out the door unless they start reporting financial information regularly. These securities, too small to be listed on NASDAQ, are being reviewed alphabetically by ticker symbol. Noncompliant companies, listed on www.otcbb.com, have 30 days to change their status or wind up on the National Quotation Bureau's pink sheets, available online by August. —By Julie Rawe





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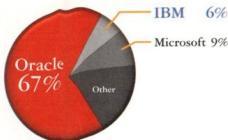
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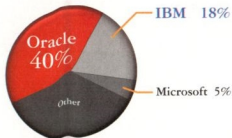
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PEOPLE

By MICHELE ORECKLIN



A Good Walk Gets Better

Though not commonly perceived as the type of athletes who attract groupies, golfers do have their fans, and, apparently, they don't all wear plaid. Last week during the first



BEN CURTIS—APR. ELISE AMENDOLA—APR.

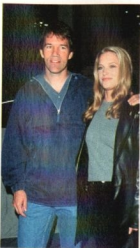
round of the British Open, **TIGER WOODS** got an eyeful on the 18th hole when an enthusiastic onlooker with seemingly few body-image issues sprang from the crowd to demonstrate her admiration. The unidentified woman embraced and kissed the not entirely reluctant golfer before running off. "Luckily, she didn't have a lot on," said a relieved Woods, "because if someone comes out of the stands like that and has a lot of clothing on, you never know what they have in there or what they're hiding behind their back." As a course hazard, it sure beats a sand trap.

KATHY WILLENE—APR. RICHARD DREW—APR.



One Family Triangulates

Not since the Brontës has one family been so well represented on library shelves. After **FRANK MCCOURT**'s, left, memoir *Angela's Ashes* became a Pulitzer-prizewinning international best seller, younger brother **MALACHY**, right, got in on the action and wrote his own book, *A Monk Swimming*, also a best seller. Now Alphonse, a third brother who stayed with his mother in Ireland when his elder brothers left for America, has an agent and is shopping his version of events around town, eager to report what few details of the family's hardscrabble upbringing remain undocumented. It may be a crowded McCourt season. Frank's sequel, *Tis*, is one of the most anticipated books of the fall, and Malachy has a contract for his own follow-up. Insatiable fans of the literary clan might want to save room on their bookshelves: a fourth brother, Michael, will surely find his literary voice shortly.



CHRIS KATZ—GLOBE PHOTOS; FRANK MCCOURT—GLOBE PHOTOS; FRANK MCCOURT—GLOBE PHOTOS; FRANK MCCOURT—GLOBE PHOTOS

ARE YOU REALLY GOING OUT IN THAT?

There was a time when it was considered not only good publicity but also good manners to dress for one's own movie premiere. Those days are gone. Whether it's the result of a stylist backlash or a dearth of good tailors in Hollywood, many celebrities, particularly men, are going from natty to tatty. **DAVID KELLEY** seemed to have come straight from a backyard barbecue to the premiere of *Lake Placid*, which he wrote. The film's star **BRIDGET FONDA** at least looked well groomed. At the premiere of *Eyes Wide Shut*, **NICOLE KIDMAN** turned up the glamour (adorning her arm with what looked like a painful piece of jewelry), while husband and co-star **TOM CRUISE** dispatched with elegance in favor of studied nonformality. And surely **ADAM SANDLER** (seen here with co-star **ROB SCHNEIDER**) could have found a fresh T shirt for the premiere of his film *Big Daddy*. Are we really asking so much?



CHRIS MARTINEZ—NEWSBEEK

GOOD NEWS

Singer **MARILYN MANSON** will divert his attention from recording and touring

Baltimore mayoral candidate **DOROTHY JOYNER** voiced her crime-fighting views on local TV

BAD NEWS

He will use this time to write and star in his own movie, to be called *Hollywood*

She was arrested leaving the TV station after a cop alleged she was a burglary suspect



AP—GLOBE

Roger Rosenblatt

Look Homeward Angel, Once Again

Let our frail thoughts dally with false surmise.
Ay me! Whilst thee the shores and sounding seas
Wash far away ...

—John Milton, *Lycidas*

YEARS AGO, I ATTENDED AN EVENT AT HICKORY HILL, Robert F. Kennedy's family home in Virginia. It was an award ceremony for a prize given by the family, and many of the family were present. After lunch, Ethel Kennedy rose to speak—something she rarely did—but her eye caught the sculpted head of her slain husband, which was the award, propped on the table. At that, she broke down in tears, but only for a moment. Seeing her falter, the entire family got up from their seats and rushed to surround her—Ted Kennedy, her children, cousins. They hugged her, and

laughed and made cheerful sounds, like birds. Soon she was laughing too. It was as if the Kennedys have learned to function like a biological organism, have developed a collective reflex to deal with pain as best they can. They will have use of that reflex now, and so will many others who hardly know them as individuals, yet oddly know them well because of their oversize presence in American life. When a Kennedy smiles, the country smiles back, whether it wants to or not. When a Kennedy dies, the country weeps, sometimes without being aware of it.

Comparisons of the fate of the family to Greek tragedy are commonplace, though the analogy comes just as close to the Romans. The Gracchi, two highborn brothers in the second century B.C. who scorned their fellow aristocrats and were elected tribunes to effect social good, were both assassinated. But when one thinks of the Kennedys, the Greeks come to mind—the Agamemnon family especially—because one feels that their disasters can only be the result of some terrible curse. It's all nonsense and superstition, of course. But this is what happens when "frail thoughts dally with false surmise" about people and events too big to grasp. The Kennedys instill thoughts beyond reason in reasonable people.

Better, I think, to try to deal with the painful subject of the sudden end of a young, good, prominent life, and to attempt to know why it affects us so. This is what John Milton did with the death of a Cambridge schoolmate, Edward King, in his famous elegy, *Lycidas*. King (who also died at sea) was no Kennedy, but he was a handsome young cleric and a poet on the verge of a great career. Milton's lament was for

King in particular and for youth in general, cut off at a moment of high momentum.

It must have been tricky for John Kennedy Jr. to use the public life to his advantage. In *Lycidas*, Milton called fame "that last infirmity of Noble mind," but for Kennedy fame was not a weakness; he never had a choice about it. His cousin Robert F. Kennedy Jr. took a path away from politics too; he has exercised a gift for public duty in his work for the environment. George magazine was John's way of getting to the public, which is what publishing means.

One sensed more about him than one knew, and what one sensed was all pretty good. He seemed to handle everything with a bouncy grace, including his share of mistakes. He didn't look or sound like a Kennedy, and did not seem to have picked up the family gene for recklessness. In short, he

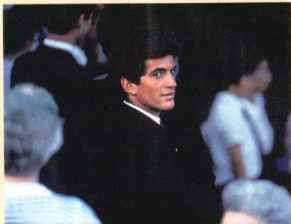
was as much an emblem of the family as a member of it, and for the observing public, he was useful as a figure to dream into.

So, strange to say, has been his entire family, which, for all its calamities, has remained a family in the public view. Love or hate the Kennedys, there is no family in American history like them—not the Adamses, not the Roosevelts. They may lack the blue-blood lineage, but they have stuck together (even if the glue has sometimes been messy), have forged and sustained a civilization before our eyes. Kennedy was headed for a family wedding when he went down. When one of them

goes, the ideal of family is at once injured and made intense, and, divorce statistics aside, America holds to that ideal.

The sense of loss for John Kennedy, too, like Milton's sense of loss, is more abstract than personal, and yet is personally felt because it connects with our private hopes for bright young futures. Nothing is as attractive as the sight of young people flinging boisterously into life (see the American women's soccer team), and the thrill comes as much from wishing them well as from anything of their own doing. Admirable young people speak for life itself, and when they stop suddenly, everything stops.

Not fair, not right, that's what one thinks, as if one could comprehend a justice system of that magnitude. Milton dealt with his sorrow by projecting his young man into immortality. But he is more persuasive in the phrase "Look homeward Angel," when he asks an angel to turn his pitying gaze on England, America, the country of young hopes, lost something of itself last weekend, and we will deal with it as best we can. ■



EMBLEM OF THE FAMILY Kennedy at a memorial service in 1988 on the 20th anniversary of his Uncle Bobby's assassination

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